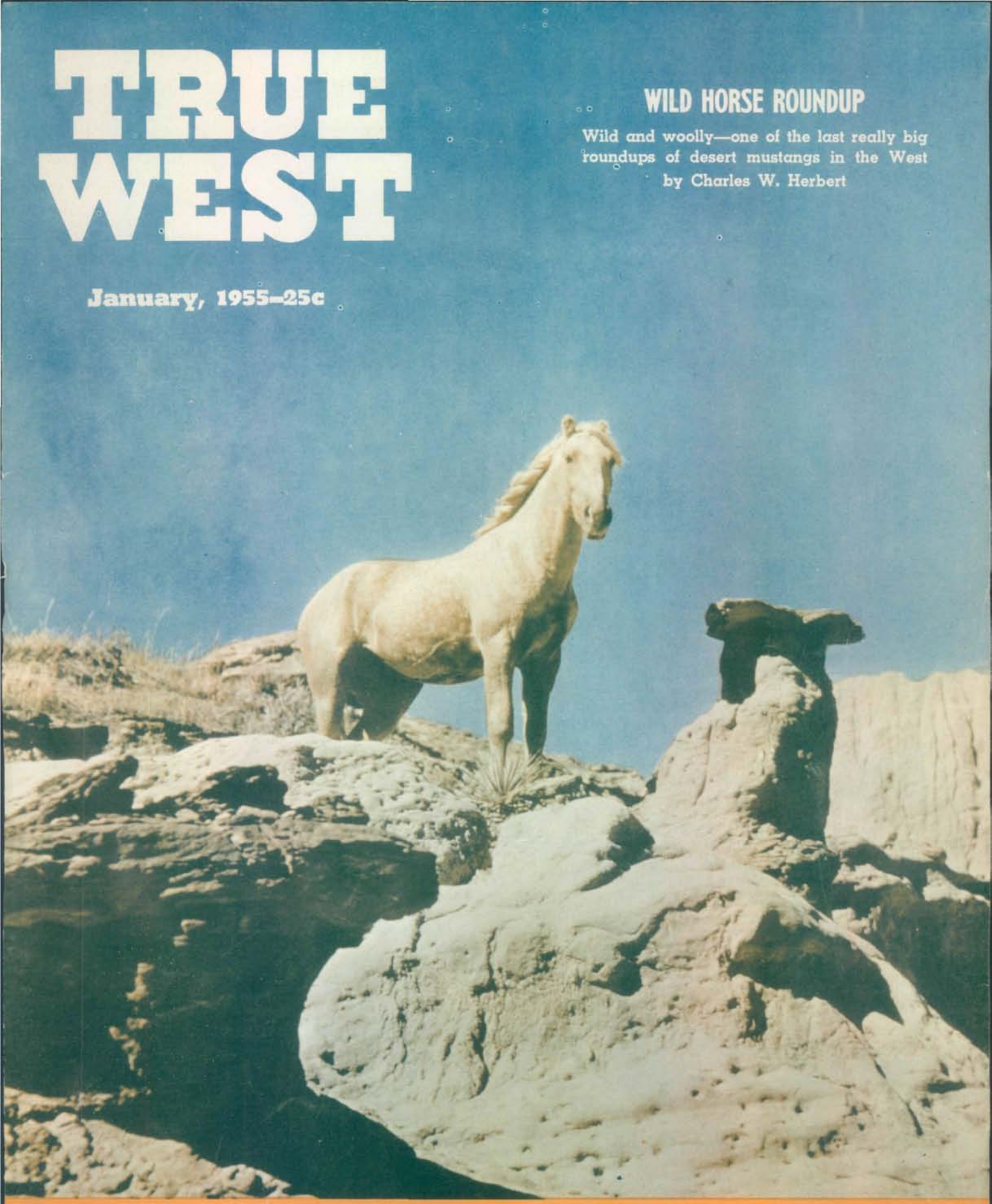
TRUE WEST

January, 1955—25c

WILD HORSE ROUNDUP

Wild and woolly—one of the last really big roundups of desert mustangs in the West by Charles W. Herbert



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In my search for Gold, I have learned the important truth. Look for the man who knows where the gold is. Do not try to find the mine yourself! My search for men with gold mines has been world wide.

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This advertisement is not in itself a request for money. It is primarily an investigation to see if there is a man or men who have money they would like to invest in a gold mining enterprise—a live enterprise—an enterprise that will bear the most rigid examination.

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P. O. Box 302 Telephone 332 Three Rivers, Texas

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For a limited time, TRUE WEST offers to its readers at a 40% discount the titles listed on this page. They will make ideal gifts for those on your list who enjoy reading! As a special service, we will wrap and mail them, postpaid, for you. Use the handy coupon below.

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NEW
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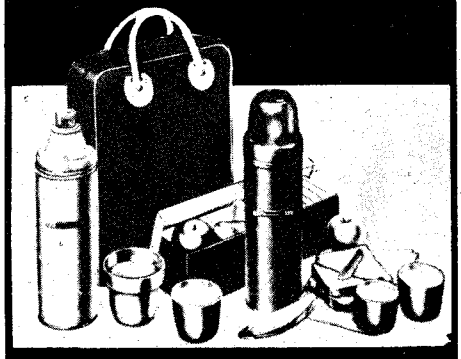

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UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Dec., '54—Jan., '55
Volume 2 No. 3

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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I Can't Think of a Title!

IT would undoubtedly be more in keeping with our pledge of authenticity to admit that I can't think, period. But then that would put me in the category with too many other publishers, editors and writers and I do want to have just *one* distinction . . .

Let that distinction be, this time, the fact that I can't think of a title for this miserable, hurried little epistle. I know many writers who are in the same fix, but they don't admit it.

This is Joe, of course. Nobody else in this organization could get by with such slipshod writing. But I haven't much space to do it in, thank goodness, so here is a quick report.

Old Fred is sitting on (in?) a jury. Murder trial. May try old Fred before it's over. Ought to try us all. . . .

We have that researcher at last. Norman B. Wiltsey, our Indian-writing man. Poor boy. He'll be our scapegoat from now on. If anything is wrong, it'll be Norm's fault. He's got a sharp eye, Norm has. Not too many things are going to get by.

What's wrong? No avalanche of letters pointing out mistakes in stories in the October-November issue? We can't have that! What would our letters department do for material? We may have to hire a mistake-man to put in errors for you to find . . .

THE controversy on modern vs. old West still rages. WHAT DO YOU WANT? Some say hold it to old West—that they can get modern West material elsewhere, in other magazines, but that there is only one authentic old West magazine in the world—TRUE WEST. And the ones, of course, who say our modern West is just as thrilling, interesting, and story-worthy as the West of long ago, and, for gosh sakes, to have more stories on it. Then there are the middle-liners who say make it part modern, part old. What do YOU say?

And while you're on the subject, is there enough white space in TRUE WEST for you? Artists, editors, etc. are always telling us the make-up should be looser, use more white space. Honestly, I think some of them would be happy to see a period in the center of a page and white space all around it! Had you rather have more sweeping illustrations, more white space and one less article per issue? Speak up. You're the boss!

Now you've been writing in for months asking how you can help us grow bigger, faster, and be a monthly. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO BACK UP THEM THREATS, PODNER! We're getting out too late for pre-Christmas giving, but why should that matter? Give as many subscriptions as you can afford at the special rate of $1 for one year, and you'll be helping the greatest way there is for you to help!

We're helping you help us by cutting our subscription rates on this special occasion. Take advantage of it—send them out until you get black in the face! Think of it—you can give 3,599 gifts for only $3,599.00! Never another chance like this . . .

I have to go to work. So long 'till next time.—Joe.

WE'RE IN A SLASHING MOOD!

THIS IS IT! You have been asking for months "What can I do to help TRUE WEST grow?" By golly, this is your chance to lend a mighty hand!

You can help us greatly, and at the same time take advantage of the BIGGEST BARGAIN OFFER IN THE HISTORY OF THIS MAGAZINE! Send as many gift subscriptions as you can afford to friends and kin all over the West—and don't forget those folks back East. Show them what the West was really like. It'll be good for those dudes!

In a spirit of "You help us—we help you" we're slashing our whole rate structure to pieces, making it possible for you to send

A PRESENT THAT WILL LAST THE YEAR AROUND—FOR ONE MEASLY BUCK!

Give one subscription; give a hundred—they'll cost you only $1 for a full one-year subscription! Be sure and check below whether or not we are supposed to include your own renewal or extension at this special rate. Add extra names and addresses on a plain sheet of paper. We'll even send gift cards. WHERE IN THE WORLD CAN YOU BUY SUCH A VALUABLE GIFT FOR A DOLLAR BILL?

TRUE WEST, **Box 5008-TW, Austin 31, Texas**

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LITTLE GIANT

METAL WORKERS

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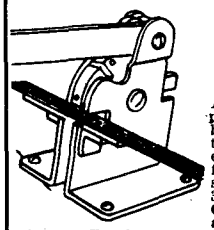
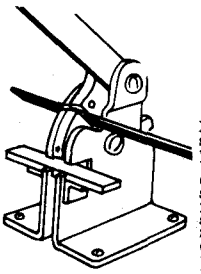


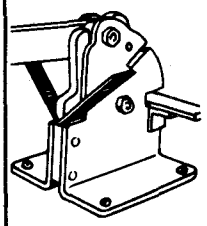
PUNCHES

An efficient punch press—punches clean, sharp, smooth, burr-free holes in metals up to 16 gauge—to 1" from edge of stock. Tool is furnished with five punch sizes in round 1/8", 5/32", 3/16", 7/32" and 1/4" sizes. Other shapes and sizes available at small additional charge. Punches are easily inserted and automatically aligned for fast change-over of punch sizes.



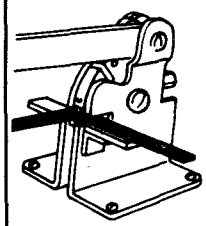
SHEARS

Designed for fast, easy, clean shearing of metals up to 1" width, 16 gauge thickness. Will shear lighter stock without distortion. Stock can be sheared at any angle. Simply place bar stock between shearing jaws and pull lever forward for quick, easy, accurate cuts. Rod stock and wire is placed thru hole provided just above shearing jaws. All cutting surfaces are hardened steel and can be resharpened.



FORMS

Bending and forming dies at the back of the tool make smooth, sharp bends up to 90° in either rod or bar stock. Place stock between the forming jaws and push lever back until desired angle bend is obtained. Will handle up to 1" width, 16 gauge thickness stock.



RIVETS

Rivets easily with any type solid or hollow rivet. Replace punch dies with male and female rivet dies furnished with tool. Place rivet thru pieces of stock to be riveted, with head of rivet on lower female die. Aligned male rivet die (spreader) with center of rivet shank and pull handle forward to spread rivet. Will rivet stock up to 1" from edge and up to maximum combined thickness of stock of 3/8".

ACCESSORIES

THREADING DIE is available to thread rod stock to accommodate 1/8", 55/32" and 3/16" standard nuts at $1.00 postpaid.

EXTRA PUNCHES — Hex shapes: 3/16", 1/8" and 1/4". Square: 1/8" and 3/16". Rectangular: 1/8"x3/16", 1/8"x1/4", 1/8"x5/16" are available at 40c each.

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ALBERT J. TATU, INC.

85 Columbia Drive Williamsville, N. Y.

Truly Western

Oldtimer Writes

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing check for $3.00 to cover renewals on both your magazines. Hope you can read this. I am 83 years old and all jammed up with arthritis.

The cover on your November TRUE WEST brought up memories of the old days in West Texas when I was a so-called "cowpoke." I carry a five-inch scar on my right shoulder from just such an accident as the fellow is going through on your cover.

A half dozen of us fellows were chasing a bunch of wild horses up the bottom of the North Concho River about 35 miles out of Sterling . . . We had a corral built in the brush with wings running out from each side of the entrance. We would run the horses up the valley into the corral. Two men, hidden on each side of the entrance, would slide the bars in place and we would have them.

The day I had my fall we had about 30 head in front of us, going at a pretty fast clip when my horse stepped in a dog-hole and changed ends. I slid into a tree and busted my shoulder. If I had hit that tree with my head, I probably wouldn't be writing this letter!

. . . I worked for various brands. Went with a bunch of 1500 two-year-olds from Sweetwater up to the Spade Ranch near Lubbock, which, in that year of 1891, was a town of a couple of stores, a saloon and a few houses. Compare it with the present Lubbock!

I often wonder how many of the oldtimers are still going. You had an article in your magazine recently about Bob Slaughter making a long ride to save his father's ranch. The last time I saw Bob was when he brought a party of city folks out from Fort Worth to the ranch for a sight-seeing trip. That was in '92. They sure got their eyes full! Bob was a kind of wild one and enjoyed the fun as well as the rest of us. When the dudes would see us rope the calves and drag them to the fire and slap the hot iron on them—well, they just couldn't take the smell and smoke of burning hair, the bawling of the calves and now and then a fighting mother cow.

Well, I'd better stop or I could ramble on for many pages. Wishing you success with your magazines and a happy Thanksgiving.—J. E., Pollock, 201 North Ninth, Atchison, Kansas.

Left Handed Indians

Dear Editor:

One of your readers asked about left-handed Indians and twins. Enclosed is a letter written to me from Tom Fife, Route 2, Oklahoma, which will be of interest. I sent him your magazine. Tom is a full-blood and the persons mentioned are also.—H. R. Antle, Box 844, Stratford, Texas.

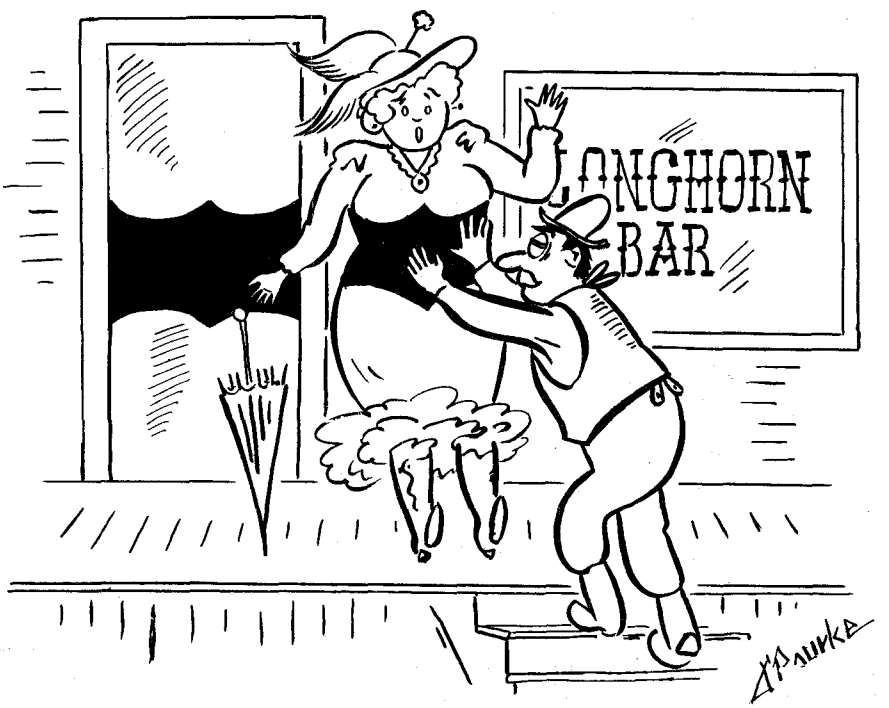
The letter reads: "The article was interesting. There are several left-handed people 'Indians' among Creeks and Seminoles. Yes, Andrew is left-handed. Also, my youngest brother Winfred is left-handed. My youngest aunt had twins, but only one lived.

"As far as I know, there is no taboo on twins among Creeks and Seminoles. The only taboo I know about was members of the same clan marrying. Lost both ears or became a new clan. Your Clansman, Tom."

Talented Jackass!

Howdy, Gentlemen!

I was fortunate in finding your magazine at our local newsstand and I take my hat off to such a wonderful publication. (Oh shucks now!—Ed.) To pick up your magazine and know you would print stories about my state as well as the others, prompted me to write you. We have here a lot of history behind us. We live in Kellogg, a mining town put on the map by a jackass. A prospector's burro got away during the night and, when found the next morning, was stand-



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ing on a spot where it had kicked up ore-laden rocks. This started the Bunker Hill Mine. There used to be a billboard outside of town which read: "You are now entering Kellogg, the town discovered by a jackass and still inhabited by its descendants."—Florence MacLean, Box 784, Kellogg, Idaho.

More on Rose of Cimarron

Sir:

In Volume 2, No. 1, of your magazine I read the Rose of Cimarron articles and they interested me very much. My father, Mr. Red Lucas, was mentioned in the story (Red is now 97 years old). He came back East this summer and is going to live here in Indiana with me. He can tell you about the Dalton boys, Cimarron, the James gang, the fight at Ingalls and lots of stories of the West. He was the oldest U. S. Marshal living in the state of Oklahoma when he was there.

The Bear brothers from Sheridan, Indiana, came to talk to my father two weeks ago. They own a furniture store, and sometime this month they are going to have my father and Pistol Pete there at the store for a little "get-together" since they know each other quite well.

My father also knew Will Rogers when he was a boy in Claremore. He saw and talked to Will Rogers before the plane crash at the celebration of the 101 Ranch.

If you are interested in the real story of the West, you should come talk to my father. He has the gun he took off Jesse James.—Mr. George House, 629 West Ninth Street, Muncie, Indiana.

Ripe Age

I harked through the years to opinions.
Some were quite foolish, some sage.
There's one question of interest to many-
When has a man reached ripe old age?

Father Time at last furnished the answer
I shall have to reveal it now or bust;
When you've ate the soft part of the pie
Is the right time to die—
If you hang around you get stuck with
the crust.

—F. H. Stratton, 25½ East Long Street, Columbus 15, Ohio.

Photo of Sam Bass?

My Dear Sir:

The enclosed photograph was given to my father (who passed on in 1936) by some elderly person in Round Rock, Texas. This party—I don't know his name—told my father that the center figure (the seated figure) was Sam Bass.

Personally, I see nothing unusual in Sam having his picture made, as it is authentic fact that he (Bass) did go to a postoffice and ask for mail under the name of Sam Bass.

I do not *know* whether it is Bass. I *do* know the photo was represented as above stated to my father.—Jack Joseph, Route 6, Box 739, San Antonio. Texas.

Paging Author Dobie

Dear Mr. Gipson:

In the September issue of TRUE WEST, it seems to me that Mr. Dobie, in his article THE TREASURE IS ALWAYS THERE has been pretty careless with Death Valley. In the first column of this article he locates Death Valley first in New Mexico, then in Arizona; both a long way from its nest in Inyo County, California.

He also mentions a Mexican 'shepherd' girl getting lost in a sandstorm in Death Valley. I know Death Valley well, being a sort of desert rat myself, and have twice prospected the area for minerals. The only sheep in or near Death Valley are a few mountain sheep in the Panamint Mountains. I've knocked around a bit among our neighbors below the border, but I've never yet known a Mexican girl, shepherd or otherwise, who could keep up with one of those mountain sheep. Man, they're wild! It's no wonder she got lost.

I have read many of Mr. Dobie's stories concerning lost mines, etc. He would never misplace Death Valley so carelessly, so I suspect this article was written just to bait some of us oldtimers.—C. E. Wager, 6920 Clark Rd., Paradise, Calif.

Historical Country

Dear Mr. Small:

We finally got a copy of your magazine. They ran out of them in Sheridan and just received a re-order the other day. I am sure that is welcome news!

We think it is really a swell magazine and hope you have loads of success. Being publishers in a small way ourselves, we know a little about your problems. . . . Last summer we started publishing Sheridan—This Week just for tourists . . .

This part of the country is filled with history. The Custer Battlefield on the Little Bighorn is just 80 miles north of Sheridan. The Government built a nice museum there and in bas-relief gives you a very good idea of the battle. The Fetterman Massacre took place just 25 miles south of town, and the Wagon Box Fight about the same distance. General Connor camped in our little town of Bighorn on his way to the Rosebud. Our son worked about five miles from the battlefield in the Rosebud last summer.

There is a rather tragic sequel to the Cheyennes. There are a few of them on a reservation north of Sheridan in Montana. The land they got is no good and every winter the people in Sheridan give

(*Continued on page* 43)

TRUE WESTERN BOOKS

THE WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE **$2.00**
From the Viewpoint of the Sioux, by James McGregor. It was there that US Troops shot down women and children. An unbelieveable story. Agent McGregor interviewed the Indians themselves. 140 pp with photos, 1950, limp wrappers.

KILL OR BE KILLED **$3.00**
by Ed Bartholomew. A Record of Violence in the Early Southwest. Gunfighters Charley Webb, Wes Hardin, John Selman, George Scarborough, Will Carver, Lige Briant and Black Jack Ketchum. Lawmen versus outlaws, lawmen versus lawmen! 164 pp with 16 pps photos. Red cloth, 1953, Houston..

ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL **$3.00**
The Second Wm. Penn. By W. H. Ryus. Collector's item. 1931 1st edition. 176 pp. True acount of incidents on the old Santa Fe trail in the 1860's. About Carson, other mountain men. Close out.

STORY OF CLYDE BARROW & BONNIE PARKER **$2.50**
by her mother, his sister. A study of outlawry in Texas in the 1930's. 255 pp, cloth with dust jacket. While they last, only $2.50.

CHARLES W. QUANTRELL **$3.00**
AND His Guerrilla Band, by J. P. Burch, as told him by Harrison Trow, one who rode with Quantrell. 1923, Vega, Texas. 266 pp with ills.

SAM BASS **$1.50**
Life and Adventures of,—, Anon. A facsimile print of the extremely rare 1878 edition. 94 pp with rare photos udded. Limited to 600 copies, nearly sold out. Bound in stiff wrappers.

BILLY THE KID **$3.00**
Authentic Life of—, by Sheriff Pat F. Garrett. A facsimile printing of this rare 1882 edition. 1953, Houston, 142 pp with rare photos added. Brown cloth.

WILD BILL LONGLEY **$3.00**
A Texas Hard-Case, by Ed Bartholomew. Some say Wild Bill was the number one gunslinger of the West. 120 pp with genuine photos added. Printed by author in very limited edition. Paper; covers, $2.00, brown cloth, $3.00.

CULLEN BAKER **$3.00**
Premier Texas Gunfighter
by Ed Bartholomew. 1954, Houston. 139 pp including 7 pp genuine photos. Baker was the first notorious gunfighter of the West, his campaign against the Union forces, as a guerrilla and outlaw, in Texas covered fifteen years, until his death in 1869. The granddaddy of the quick-draw, two-gun technique, he had literally stood off entire armies almost single handedly. His partners were Ben Bickerstaff, Bob Lee, Bill Longley, Jack English and others. For the first time this entire fantastic story of Texas gunfighting is here told. The extremely rare 48 pp life of Baker, printed in 1870, is included in this volume, in facsimile; Now announced in a very limited cloth edition.

GUNSMOKE **$1.50**
The True Story of Old Tombstone, by Sarah Bakarich. Said to be the best book about the days of outlawry and gunfighting around Tombstone, Arizona. 1954, Tombstone, 197 pp, in red wrappers. The Bargin of the year!

VERY LIMITED EDITIONS

LIFE OF BELLE STARR **$1.50**
The Female Desperado, by S. W. Harman. Reprint of 1898 issue with genuine photos added. 1954, Houston, 64 pp, wrappers.

CLAY ALLISON OF THE WASHITA **$1.50**
by O. S. Clark. Reprint of the extremely rare early edition. 32 pp with genuine photos added. Wrappers. For the first time, here is your only possible opportunity to read about this Texas gunfighter.

LIFE OF CHEROKEE BILL **$1.50**
by S. W. Harmon. Published 1954, Houston, Texas, from original 1898 edition. 64 pp, wrappers. About Indian Territory (Okla.) half-breed outlaw, condemned to hanging by Judge Parker at Fort Smith. With accounts of many other frontier figures. With photos.

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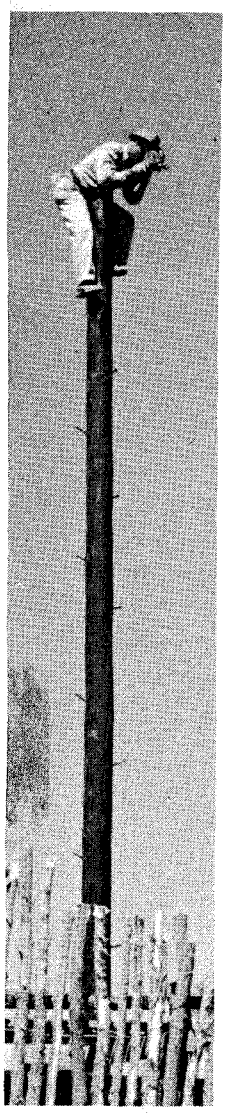

Pull up a chair for a ringside seat to what may prove the last major

WILD HORSE ROUNDUP

By CHARLES W. HERBERT

A Western Ways Feature with Photographs by the Author

A wild horse eats as much as two range cows or fourteen sheep. Long ago, the U. S. Grazing Service labeled as trespassers all horses on public range land without "permits." During the critical meat shortage of World War Two the Service went further. An ultimatum was issued: the horses had to go.

Nobody in the West likes the idea of shooting a healthy horse. But wild horses are smart. Trapping and capturing them alive has been easier to talk about than do. Mustangers had managed to catch about as many as were foaled each year, but could make no real dent in the western horse population. Also, the horses were constantly gaining "recruits." Wild stallions, coming in the night, proved irresistible to mares held in poorly fenced ranch pastures. The mares followed the stallions to freedom, miles from the ranches.

Stockmen of southwestern Wyoming met with Grazing Service officials in Rock Springs during the war to discuss plans for ridding the range of the trespassers. It was finally agreed that the only solution was to shoot the horses.

Frank Robbins, a rancher from Glenrock, Wyoming, listened quietly. Then he reared his powerful frame toward the ceiling, and announced firmly: "I'm representing the horses. I'll trap 'em and bring 'em in alive."

Frank had worked out his plan carefully. He described it to the stockmen and officials. He knew mustangs and had studied them for years. Once, while Frank watched a wild palomino stallion, trying to figure how to get his loop on such a prize, a plane had flown low over the secluded valley. The stallion threw up his head, raced for a nearby canyon and out of sight. Frank took the idea from there. He worked out a way to flush horses from their hiding places by using a plane. Then mounted men on fresh horses could dash out from hiding at just the right time and force the mustangs into strategically placed traps.

Frank had been successful at that. Now, he managed to persuade these officials to give him a chance, before they started shooting the horses.

Frank Robbins began demonstrating his ability to trap wild horses so thoroughly that he was threatening to make them as extinct as buckboards, covered wagons, and two-gun badmen. Could we

We set up cameras in strategic spots to get shots of the horses from every angle as they entered the pens.

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1. The picture above is the first of a series that ends on page 9. Roy in the plane gets the roundup under way by herding small groups of horses into the main drive.

make a documentary film that would capture, before it was too late, the excitement and drama of a real wild horse roundup?

IT was a challenge, and we wanted to try. I knew it was a story that was a natural for our kind of films, and a sure contender for an Academy Award. I knew we could select effective settings, pick camera positions, direct the action and get a clear image on the film. This was our business. But would Frank Robbins go along and help make wild horses and cowboys enact this drama so the camera could record it with its natural and genuine settings? This was the question when I went to see Frank at his Glenrock ranch in June, 1946.

He wouldn't commit himself, at first. He took time to think it over and to size me up. He had to decide if I was just another city slicker, looking for a couple of staged action shots, or if I wanted to record the story as it actually took place. Finally he agreed, and we drew up a contract and signed it, all legal-like. He agreed that if we couldn't get the desired shots during an actual roundup, he would stage the scenes for us with horses he had captured and quieted down enough to be handled easier.

Luckily, we were able to "shoot the works" on real location, and it was an adventure none of us at the cameras will ever forget.

Roy Edwards of the New York staff, and Jean du Bois, a Denver free lance photographer, came out with me. We filmed a few introductory scenes around the ranch and decided our first coverage would be the 4th of July wild-horse rodeo Frank always held. Top hands from many parts of the country showed up for this rodeo, eager to pit their skill against the wild cunning of Frank's outlaws, fresh from the wide open range. Most of the bucking horses of rodeo are simply horses that refuse to be ridden; many were formerly pretty well-behaved saddle horses that for some reason decided they didn't want a man astride 'em any more. But at Frank's rodeo, every horse was a wild one, right off the range.

Few riders stayed on top long enough to hear the timer's whistle, but every contestant gave us action easily filmed from the right camera position. To put a special punch to this sequence, we rigged up a metal frame, fastened to a pack saddle, so a small automatic camera could be placed where a rider's head would ordinarily be. To mount the camera in position, the bronc had to be thrown down. Then we started the motor and let him up. The camera ran off forty feet of fast odd-angle action, as the horse bucked and spun around across the arena, recording for the first time a rider's view of a bucking bronc.

Our truly spectacular film was on the way to New York by plane that night. Next day came a curt wire: "Never mind rodeos. Get wild horse roundup."

New York had already dubbed our proposed film "The Battle of the Wild Stallions" for box office appeal, and it was our assignment to get just that. This battle proved to be the toughest sequence on the whole job.

NEXT day found us trailing Frank southward. He drove a big truck loaded with hay, bedrolls, grub, fuel, water, saddles, bridles, tools and two stout horses, Buck and

(*Continued on following page*)

2. Now Roy has several small bunches herded into a sizeable group and is pushing them slightly so that they will arrive at a certain point in time to join the main drive.

3. We "buried" a camera so that you might see how it looks to be "run over" by a herd of wild horses!

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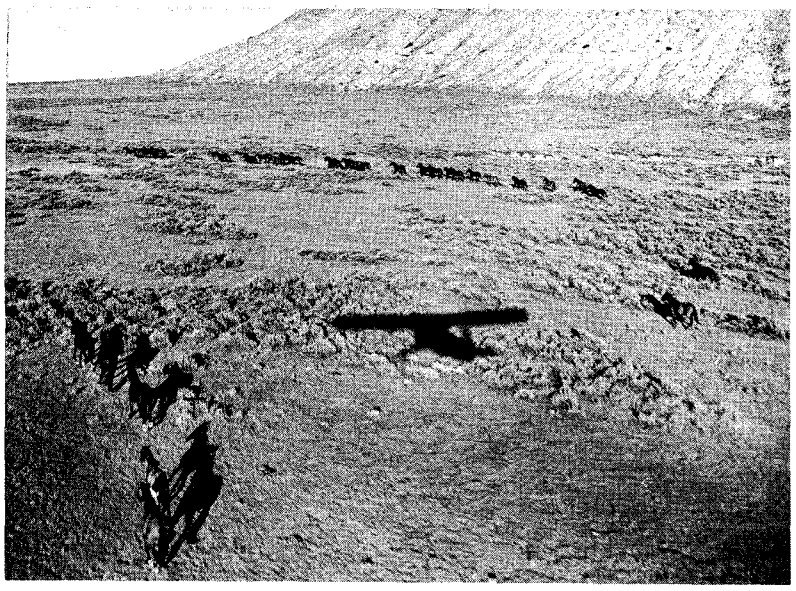
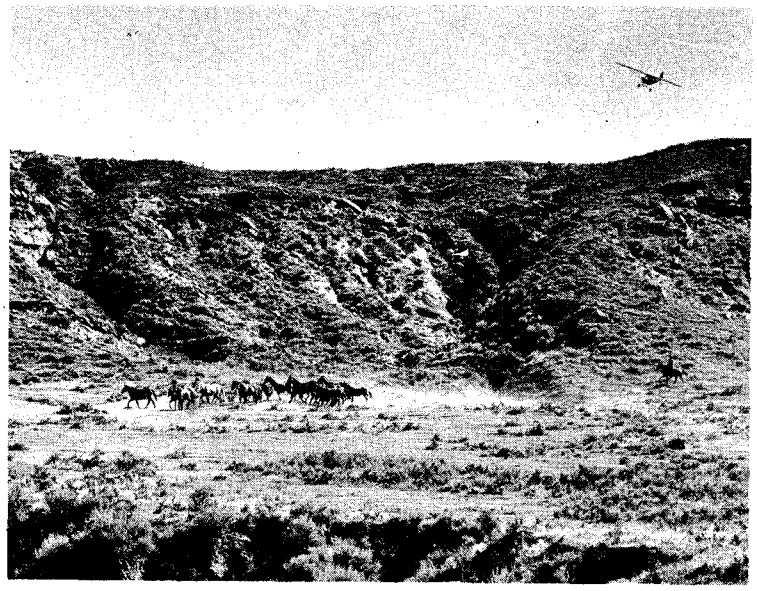
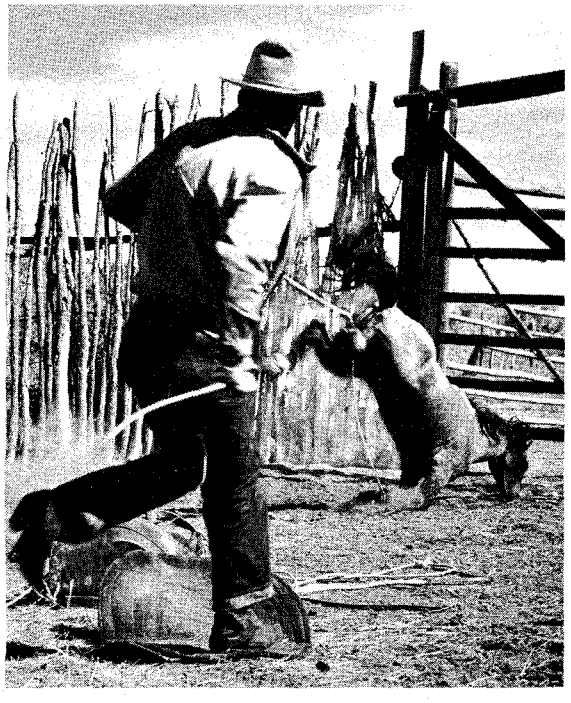




4. Left: The plane's shadow is very effective in a horse drive—but it must never pass over them. Right: As Roy brings a small bunch into the trap, a rider comes out of hiding, hazing them on and making sure they do not bolt.



6. Frank twines his loop around the foreleg of a wild one preliminary to the first step toward taming.

Slippers, unmistakably from a wild herd. Frank always uses horses he captures wild and breaks to his own needs.

"They have plenty of savvy," he swears, "and stay-with-it for driving the wild ones."

We went through a lot of wide open country on the eastern fringe of the Red Desert to the Union Pacific whistle-stop station at Wamsutter. This is Frank's railhead for his marketing operations, also his headquarters for mail and telegrams—barely read on the fly. He moves fast, hard at it from before dawn until late evening.

From Wamsutter the road gradually changed into a trail. Two ruts wound uncertainly through sagebrush flats, across dry arroyos, up and down sharp ridges southwestward towards the Haystack mountains. Along the way, abandoned sod-covered shacks told their own mute story of early pioneers struggling to gain a foot-hold in this still-untamed country. Wild, inhabited by the wild, the area was now threatened with a new kind of pioneer—with wings to cut time and space, and to tame the untamed.

Skirting a low mesa, past zigzagging canyons, we had our first sight of the wild horse country to the west. Sharp rises in the terrain accentuated the depth and irregular course of the maze of canyons serrating the mountains. A greenhorn on foot needed a compass and stout legs to make his way from one canyon to the other. We learned this through personal experience.

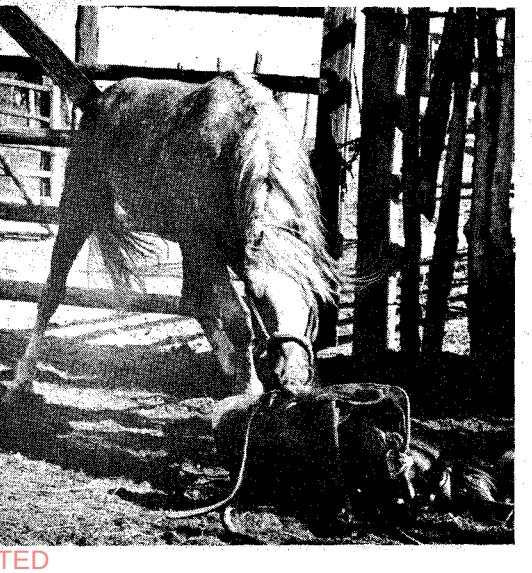
At the mouth of one canyon, a mile-long line of posts made from used railroad ties were camouflaged with sagebrush and tied together with heavy steel cable. This formed one wing of the traps Frank had laboriously planted in the hard, rocky ground.

In a pocket, tight against the canyon wall at the far end of the fence, we found Frank's camp. We had hardly got our feet on the ground when Frank was astride Buck and off to scout the country for horse sign. He was back at sundown, just as Roy Lamoreaux, Frank's pilot, flew in low from the north, and landed in the cleared strip along the fence. Roy came to the cookshack, grabbed a plate and started eating. From then on, whenever we saw Roy, he was either eating, flying, roping or sleeping.

Roy was a ranch boy who worked a long time to get into the air. He was as fascinated with rounding up wild horses by plane as Frank. In their first trials, Frank went up with Roy, putting him wise to all the tricks he had learned about driving the wild ones. Frank had an uncanny sense and could usually outguess the horses. Once he had them on the run, he kept them running, and used the plane to get the job done.

7. Frank puts the saddle on to acquaint his prize catch, Desert Dust, with the feel of leather for the first time. Now that the bucking is over, Frank is roping the stallion so he can take the saddle off.

8. Desert Dust bites the saddle angrily to show his contempt for man and his "civilized" ways.



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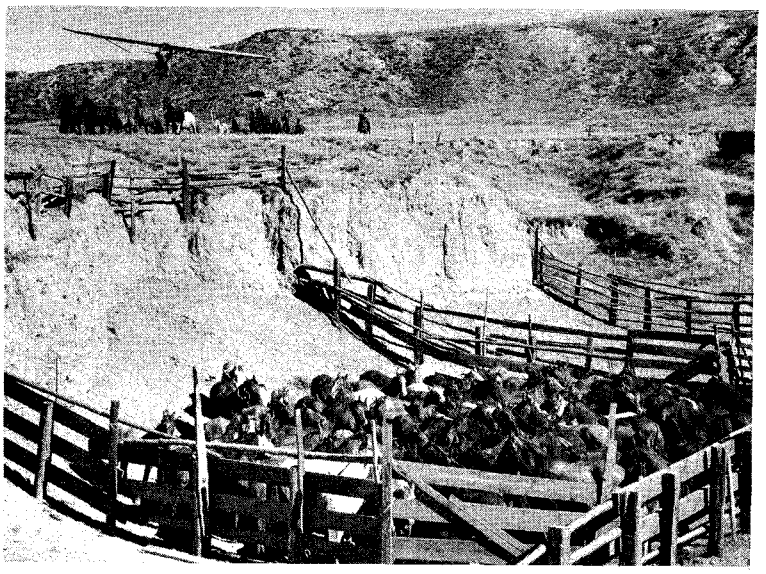


5. Left: With a camera on a butte overlooking throat of the trap, we were able to get some very unusual angle shots. Right: The plane swoops low over a small bunch as a last "nudge" to get them into the catch corral. Horses, caught on previous drives, act as decoys for a wary bunch looking for company in time of trouble.

The plane could not pass over and in front of the horses, or let its shadow pass over them. It had to remain a menace close behind, relentlessly driving and turning the horses as needed. This required pilot skill equal to that of top-flight fighters in combat. A siren was fixed on the plane, and Roy also carried a sawed-off shotgun to help persuade the horses to speed up along the right trail.

WE spent three weeks getting our pictures of a wild horse roundup. We were routed out at three-thirty in the morning to gulp down black coffee and a heavy breakfast. With the first streak of dawn, Roy was in the air, headed toward remote hideouts. Frank watered and fed his horses, then scouted the country from a high point above camp.

We'd follow him up a canyon to a secluded spot in a narrow pocket. Then, dismounting and crawling to the top of the ridge and carrying a large branch of sagebrush to hide his head and shoulders Indian style, he'd peer over the ridge.

From fifty feet away the branch and Frank seemed to be growing naturally against the skyline. He'd pick up a handful of powdered desert dust, toss it gently into the air to get the wind direction, then settle down to peer at the distant horizon that rimmed the wide, almost round basin in front of us.

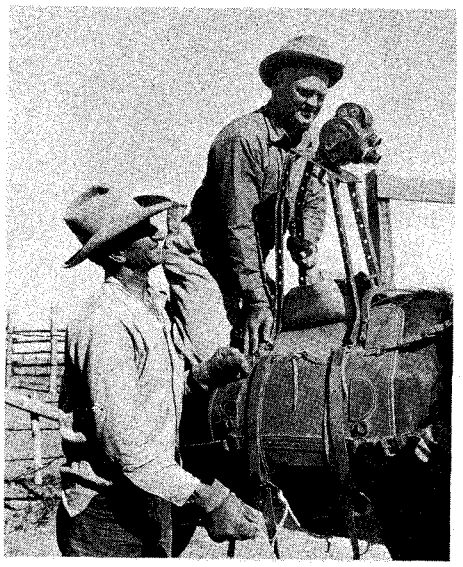
"Keep down when I tell you," he'd caution. "If they git our scent, high-tail it out o' here. An' stay out o' the open."

We studied the setup for several days. Then we picked camera positions in the wings, throat and belly of the trap into which the horses would be driven. We had three cameras and could select a variety of locations. But we had to have a shooting point well hidden from the keen eyes of the horses. We decided the narrow throat of the canyon provided the best location.

We'd taken our positions early, soon after Roy took off in the plane, and wait patiently. Sometimes we waited in vain. Sometimes we got good action right in close, when the riders were able to bring the horses just where they were supposed to come.

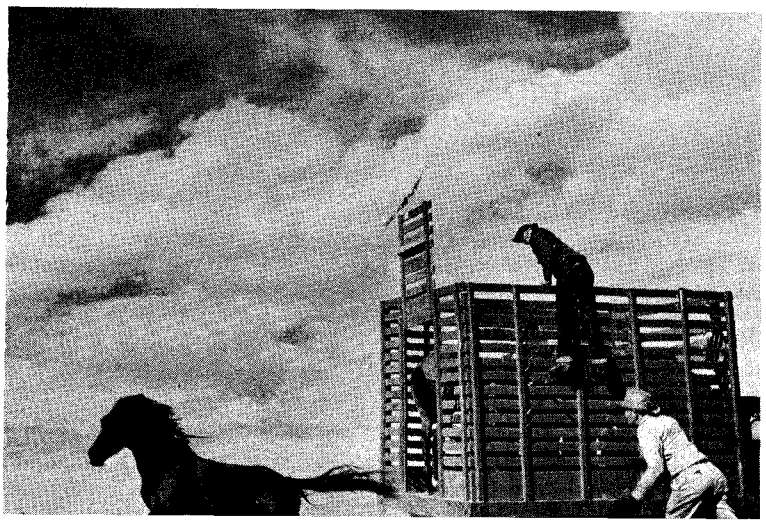
We buried a small automatic camera right in the trail where the wild bunch would run over it. We concealed another on the far side of the corral. This one was to get the bunch when they first found themselves trapped. One of us

(*Continued on page* 26)

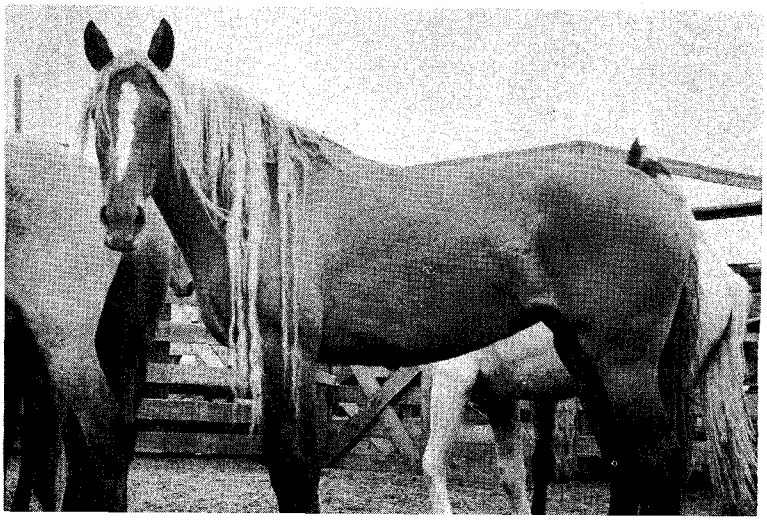


Details of special camera mount we used with an automatic camera to get a bronc rider's view of bucking action. Results? One big blur!

9. Frank kept the best ones for breeding purposes. The initial taming process over, this mare is turned loose in a brood pasture.



10. Long mane and tail are marks of a horse that has run wild for years.



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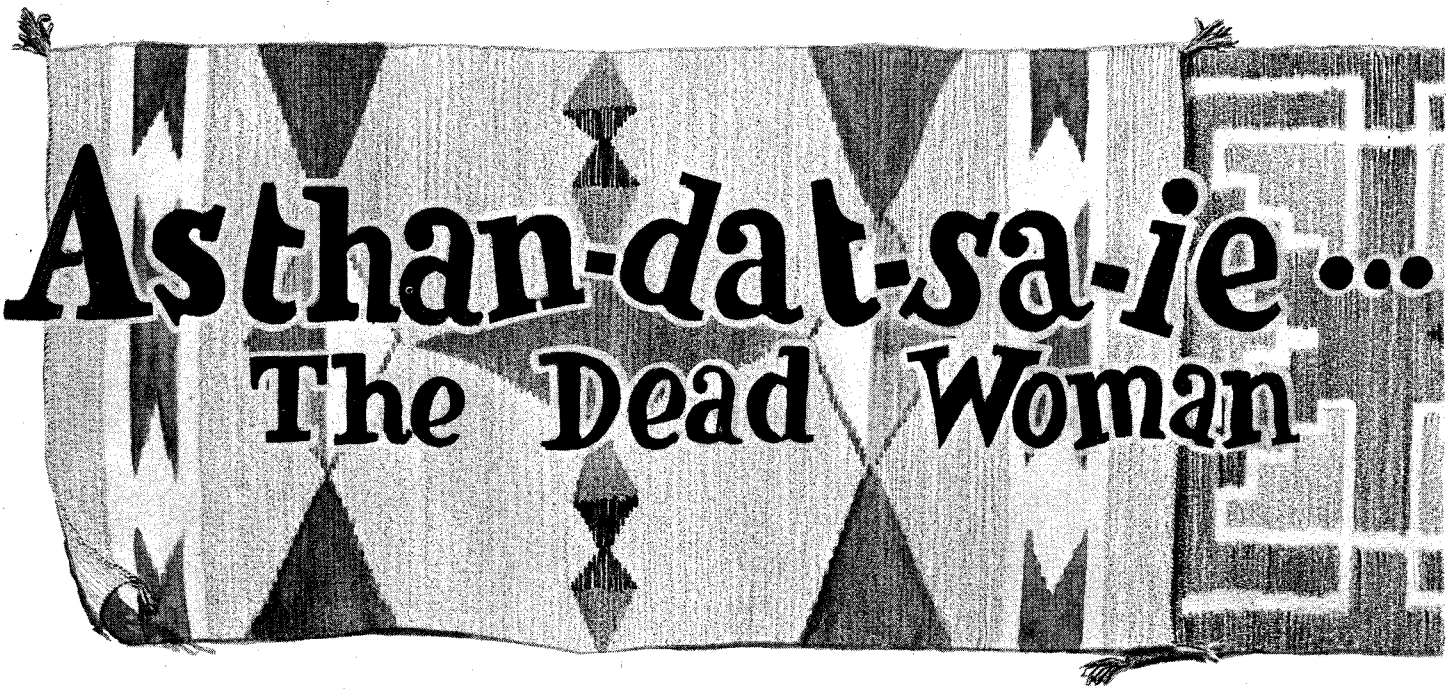
NEW MEXICO

A desperate love drove Younger Sister into the Spirit World, from which there is no return. Now, crippled in body and without spirit, she was left with only one role to play—that of



Asthan-dat-sa-ie... The Dead Woman

By MARIETTA WETHERILL as told to MABEL C. WRIGHT

YOU are surprised that I speak of a Medicine-Woman? There are a few of them. In all my years with the Navajos, I knew of but one—ASTHAN-DAT-SAH-IE, THE DEAD WOMAN. This is her story:

Pretty One and Younger Sister lived with their mother, Blanket Weaver, at the head of Yellow Bird Canyon, a narrow defile leading into the great Chaco Canyon in New Mexico. It was a beautiful spot; the hogans were half hidden among the greasewood brush; here and there was a splotch of vivid green grass; and always, day and night, you heard the song of birds.

The two girls often came down to our trading-post, close to the ruins of Pueblo Bonito, to visit me. At the end of the last century, when these events took place, my husband, Richard Wetherill, was directing excavations for the Hyde Exploring Expedition. In that section of Navajoland, Anglos were still a novelty, though Mexican sheepherders had been filtering in for some decades. Our trading-post, which was set up to care for the needs of the scientific work, with its Indian laborers, was quite the social center .

It was not my first contact, however, with Navajos. In fact, I was truly one of them. I had been initiated into the Che Clan when a young girl travelling through the Southwest with my archeologically-curious father, Sidney Palmer. Navajo was a second language to me and I could appreciate Pretty One's pride in the long turquoise ear-rings which told her world that she was now a woman. The girls felt, then, that they could confide in me, and in the tragedies that so soon followed, perhaps I was closer to them than any one else.

But now, the problems were only those of teen-agers. Younger Sister, for example, could have no identity of her own, not even a name, until Pretty One, the first-born and a year older, was married. Not that it appeared there would be any great delay. Both were very attractive. Pretty One was gentle with a shy smile. She was industrious and obedient, and we all liked to have her around. Younger Sister was unquestionably the smarter of the two and had a gift for mimicry which she used with the cruelty of youth.

She was the pet clown of her clan. When you heard roaring laughter coming from the group of Indian youths gathered outside the trading post, you could be sure that Younger Sister was doing one of her imitations. It might be Old Badger in a fit of temper being tossed off his horse, or even funnier, an impersonation of Cats' Mother. This aged squaw lived up in the hills and was shunned by the Navajos as demented. As far as I could see, her only peculiarity was an intense love of cats. She sheltered at least a dozen in her little hogan. When Younger Sister imitated Cats' Mother, her chin and nose would actually seem to grow together, as she mumbled her gums and limped rapidly along. Then her eyes would roll wildly under wisps of hair which she pulled over her forehead. In the next minute, with a whoop, she would transform herself into a gang of cats, yowling and spitting.

Only her mother did not laugh. Blanket Weaver would catch Younger Sister by the arm and shake her. "The Great Spirit will surely punish you for mocking the old." But for all that, Blanket Weaver was proud of this second daughter. When a visiting medicine man came to the Chaco and held a *Bejing* to examine the children, it was Younger Sister who won all the prizes, while Pretty One was severly chastised for forgetting what she had been so carefully taught.

GRADUALLY, the medicine man began to take notice of Younger Sister. With no written language, the Navajos depend on the brighter of their pupils to remember and pass on the history and traditions of The Diné, (The People). They saw promise in this girl. But that did not save her from punishment.

One day, as usual, Younger Sister had excelled all the other children and received her prize, a silver concho button, from the Medicine Man. He turned to make the next award. Younger Sister turned too, nose high, chest puffed out, and arm stiffly extended, in his exact gesture. Unfortunately, he looked back and caught her!

As I have said, Pretty One was wearing the long turquoise earrings that August, and their length and quality indicated that her mother was expecting a good price for her. By Navajo law the price for a virgin was fixed—fourteen horses, no more, no less; but Pretty One was so charm-

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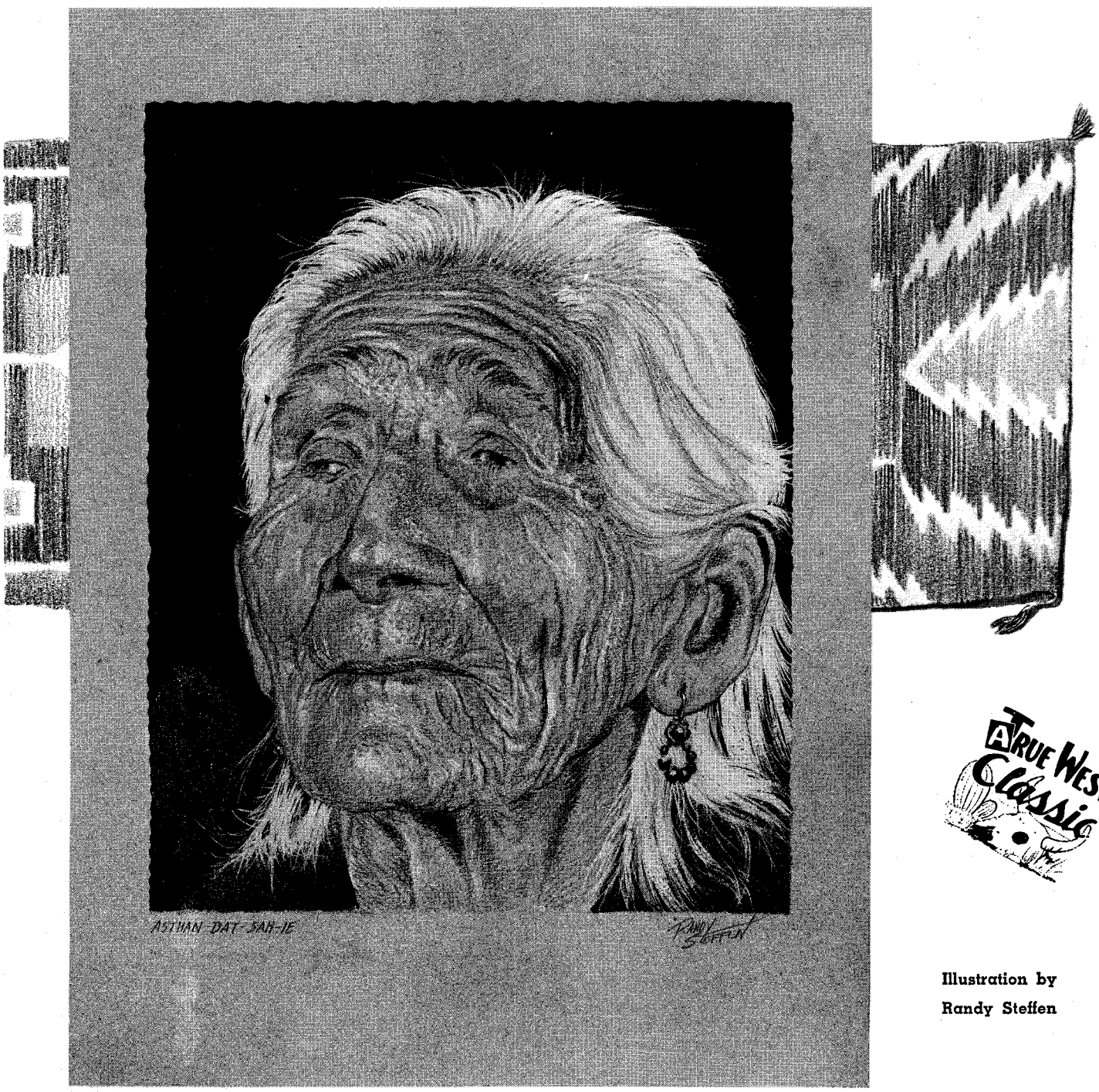

Illustration by
Randy Steffen

ing that her mother intended to hold out for four-year old geldings, well-broken.

The whole business was in the hands of the Marriage Arranger and his first wife. It was to their interest to get the best possible offer, for then they could collect a fee from the successful bidder as well as from the mother. A Navajo could have as many wives as he could afford, but, alas, it was the old men who had the fat purses. The chances for love matches were few indeed!

Every day, the two girls drove the sheep up onto the mesa overlooking the Great Canyon and occupied themselves until dusk, herding. I doubt if Pretty One ever knew that her mother had already gone to the Marriage Arranger, with gifts of coffee and flour for the first wife and instructions to start looking for a husband. It was unbearably hot on one of these days and the sheep stretched out in the scant shade of the cedars. The girls wandered over to the edge of the cliff and scrambled down, where they knew there were ruins of the Ancient People. Younger Sister found a bit of pottery and an arrow-head. They amused themselves hunting for more and did not see a horseman riding up the trail until he was almost upon them.

As a well brought-up Navajo girl should, Pretty One at once drew her blanket about her head and lowered her eyes, but, not so, Younger Sister. She just stood bare-faced and stared. Anyway, she had not yet reached woman's estate, so what did it matter? The Young Navajo rode on.

"Oh, Little Friend, he was so handsome," Pretty One told me later. "Never have I seen one so handsome, with huge turquoise beads and a gorgeous silver bridle for his fat horse. Who do you think he could be?"

Direct questions are a serious breach of etiquette, but I soon learned by keeping my ears open that Slender Pine, the young stranger in our midst, was a boy from The Mountain. He had been away for several years with his uncle, up on the San Juan River.

(*Continued on following page*)

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Left, Basket Weaver and her two daughters, Pretty One and Younger Sister. Right, Cat's Mother, the aged squaw, with whom Younger Sister sought refuge after being rejected as dead by her parents and people.

THE day following their first meeting, he rode again to the mesa where the girls were herding. This time, Pretty One neglected to pull her blanket over her head and returned his greeting.

As the sisters were driving the flock home that evening, Pretty One took off a fine turquoise ring and gave it to Younger Sister. Not a word was said, but Younger Sister grinned and accepted the bribe. It meant that there was to be no mention to their mother of Slender Pine's trips to the mesa. For there were daily ones after that, and soon all of Pretty One's possessions had been transferred to Younger Sister. At first, all three young people chatted together, but before long, Younger Sister found that she alone was guarding the sheep. She jibed and jeered mercilessly, but every night, she added a nickel or a bead to her collection.

So matters stood, when a Rain Ceremonial was held. There had been no welcoming relief that hot summer, and the Great Spirit must be invoked to send his people rain clouds. A cave in the wall of the Canyon was chosen for the sand-painting of the Medicine Man. This was a favorable spot because, even in very dry years, a trickle of water could usually be found trying to reach the parched lands below.

The sand-painting was a long time in the making, as are all good prayers. In the center was a frog, the messenger who would tell the earth spirits of the clan's needs. At the four corners were placed the four points of the compass. On one side, a small stone figure of a deer was placed, for animals, too, were thirsty. Opposite, was an image of a bird who could be trusted to fly to the Sky Above with these human longings carried on his wings. All around the sand-painting were wands of willow and cedar boughs, tipped with the feathers of Rain-Crows. When it was finished, the Medicine Man sat for a long time in contemplation, and a reverent hush settled over the canyon until the sun had set.

Then everyone was ready for a little relaxation and gathered around the hogan of a headman for boiled meat, wheat bread and coffee until the dancing started. First, the performers were only men, shuffling to the low beat of the drum, resplendent in ceremonial dress. Later came the real fun of the evening—a squaw dance. Any girl could go over to the line of braves and take one of her choosing by the arm. If willing to dance with her, well and good; if not, he could buy his freedom with a coin. There was a great dealing of giggling and hanging back, but suddenly, I saw Younger Sister break from the group of girls. As she ran past me, I was surprised to notice a small blue bead in each of her ears. No long turquoise ear-rings could be hers until Pretty One was taken, but the touch of blue told her people that she was no longer a child. Slender Pine looked embarrassed as she grabbed his arm, but he danced with her, not just then, but several times, for she kept coming back. Pretty One remained with the other girls but, for once, she was not smiling. I wondered what she would have to say to Younger Sister the next morning!

I heard a piece of gossip that same evening. Old Badger had made an offer for Pretty One. He was so rich and his proposition so good, it looked hopeless for any other suitors.

A few days later, I found Pretty One standing at the door of our house. "Oh, Little Friend," she sobbed, "you

(*Continued on page* 33)

Marietta Wetherill

Marietta Wetherill, (Mrs. Richard) who died July 11, 1954, at the age of 77, knew the Navajos as well as any white person who ever lived. As a young girl, she traveled extensively through the Southwest with her parents, the musical Sidney Palmers. Barnstorming by mule-drawn covered wagon, the Palmers appeared in Santa Fe, Taos, Albuquerque and Phoenix; also in remote mining camps and Mexican villages. Best of all, Mrs. Wetherill liked to recall long visits with their Indian friends with whom they would camp for weeks at a time.

Her interest in Indians and Indian lore and history was intensified by her marriage to Richard Wetherill in 1896. Wetherill, an ardent archeologist and explorer, took his bride to Pueblo Bonita in Chaco Canyon where he served as director of excavations for the Hyde Exploring Expedition. Here they made their home until Richard's death in 1910.

Left with four small children, Mrs. Wetherill carried on successfully in the work she knew so well. Retiring finally, she filled her home at 348 Nara Visa Road, Albuquerque, with a priceless collection of Indian art and specimens of Indian craftsmanship. In her later years she was in constant demand for lectures. Students and writers visited her frequently for first-hand information on the old days. She also made sixty tape-recordings based upon her colorful experiences. These are now stored in the Library of the University of New Mexico.

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NAKED MAN'S RACE AGAINST DEATH

By MANUEL ALMADA

With six miles to go and six hundred Blackfeet yelping at his heels, John Colter ran till the blood gushed out of his nose and streamed down over his naked body.

JOHN COLTER, famous American trapper and Indian fighter, cautiously dipped his canoe paddle into the peaceful waters of the Jefferson River.

Trapping in Blackfeet country in the year 1810 was a very dangerous activity for a white man.

It was especially dangerous for John Colter, a former member of the Lewis-Clark Expedition beyond the Rockies.

Before that fateful day had ended, the trapper would be forced into a savage six-mile race for his life, with himself as naked as the day he was born.

At the moment, however, all was peaceful on the river, except for a thundering noise which kept growing louder and louder. The high banks on both sides of the stream kept Colter from seeing the cause of the noise.

He turned to his companion, John Potts, in the rear of the canoe.

"Let's get out of here," he advised Potts.

"What's the matter with you, Colter?" Potts demanded. "Don't you know the difference between Indian noises and a buffalo herd running?"

Colter felt foolish at the rebuke and said no more.

The two men paddled quietly around a bend in the river and suddenly stopped.

A war party of 600 Blackfeet Indians stood on both sides of the river, waiting for them.

The chief of the Blackfeet waved the two white men ashore with an abrupt movement of the arm. Colter brought the canoe close to the bank. Potts, however, refused to surrender. Even when one warning arrow shot wounded him, Potts still refused to come ashore.

Colter pleaded with him to surrender. Instead, Potts

(*Continued on page* 31)

Illustrated by Keith Soward

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Captain Jack, as he appeared in later years.

The Texans mounted their horses and charged the Comanches head-on.

CAPTAIN JACK

By JESS ARNOLD

"Almighty God, be on our side if You can. But if You can't, then please don't be on theirs. Just stand over there on that hilltop and watch the damndest fight You ever saw!"

—Thus prayed the little Captain who, from the very first, made legendary the courage and daring of all Texas Rangers to come.

HE didn't even look like a Texas Ranger is supposed to look.

His eyes weren't steel-blue, but hazel. His hair wasn't light, but dark and curly. He wasn't six feet-two, but five feet-eight. And his top weight was one hundred and forty-five pounds.

If it had not been for him and the men he led, it is doubtful if General Zachary Taylor would have ever reached Monterrey, early in the Mexican War, much less won the decisive victory over Mexican forces there that he did.

If it had not been for him and his Texans, General Winfield Scott's United States Army occupation forces were odds-on to have become isolated in Mexico City.

If it had not been for him (and those men again), some two thousand American soldiers would doubtless have perished at a place called Puebla, somewhere between Vera Cruz and Mexico City.

If it had not been for him, a great many Texans who now go around breathing wouldn't be—because their great-great-greats would never have gotten into reproduction, due to Comanche Indians lifting their scalps.

Even in a service where greatness is commonplace, he stood out. He was probably the greatest Texas Ranger who ever lived.

His name was Jack Hays.

Like so many who made Texas, Jack Hays came out of Tennessee. He was born near Nashville, April 26, 1817, eldest of eight children. He was named John Coffee, but he was called Jack from the beginning. In Texas he was always "Captain Jack" to his men, even after he made colonel under General Taylor.

His parents died when Jack was in early childhood, and the Hays brood were taken over by an uncle, Robert Gage. By the time he was fifteen, his uncle had a career mapped out for him—storekeeper. Robert Gage explained his decision in later years by saying, "The boy's hands never looked as if they'd fit a plow."

But young Jack had other ideas. He wanted to be a soldier. His reasons were natural. Hadn't his grandfather, John Hays, come across the mountains from North Carolina to help found the independent nation of Franklin? Hadn't his grandfather led a company of men into the Creek Wars and won the plaudits of a young commander called "Old Hickory"? Hadn't his father, Harmon Hays, fought side by side with his grandfather in one campaign? Hadn't he been teethed on ringing stories of four wars?

Jack wanted to go to West Point; but, to Robert Gage, such a thing seemed far-fetched and impossible. Jack gave in to his uncle on that point, but not on clerking in a crossroads store. There was something else to think about now. Houston had gone somewhere, and rumor had it that he and Jackson were plotting together to seize Texas from Mexico. Tennesseans were already moving into that fantastic land.

So, Jack Hays left home. He didn't steal away in the dead of night, for the parting with his uncle was a friendly one.

He didn't make Texas in one jump. His next four years were spent in Mississippi, where he joined a surveying crew, trekking back and forth through the swampy regions, first as a rodman and finally as an accepted surveyor.

HAYS was twenty when he reached Texas, a few months too late to get in on the Battle of San Jacinto, but there was still plenty of fighting left. In the summer of 1836, he enlisted in Deaf Smith's Spy Company, probably because Smith had known his father and uncle in Tennessee.

His initiation in the art of scouting came quickly. Smith swung his cavalry in the wake of the retreating Mexican General, Filisola, to make sure that Filisola carried out the terms of the "armistice" and did not return beyond the Rio Grande.

When Smith's twenty-five-man force boldly approached within three miles of Laredo, the Mexican garrison of eighty moved out to attack. Smith retreated, pursued by the taunting Mexicans. Seeing that no more of the enemy were coming out, Smith let the over-confident Mexicans surround him. The Mexicans launched a charge at fifty yards, which was suicidal, as they underestimated the Texas rifles. Jack Hays got his baptism of fire that day.

Hays killed his first Indian a few days later, when he crawled into an Indian camp and shot a chief. Legend has it that he ran back to his camp, arrows singing past him, shouting, "I've killed an Indian! I've killed an Indian!"

From 1838 to 1840, Hays alternated between fighting Indians and surveying. Up until now the Comanches had con-

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fined their deviltry to small-band raids, mostly with the objective of stealing horses. Now they began to raid in force and penetrated deep into the Gulf Coast, wiping out the village of Linnville on August 8, 1840.

Right after this, the history of the Texas Rangers as a fighting force began. The Texas Congress passed a law authorizing President Mirabeau B. Lamar to appoint and commission three persons to raise Ranger companies. One of the three appointed was Jack Hays.

First assignment handed the twenty-three-year-old Ranger Captain was to move against Mexican guerillas in Laredo. With fifteen men, Hays slipped into the town at night. The Mexicans discovered them at dawn and attacked, seventy-five strong, forcing the Rangers to retreat. Clear of the town, the Rangers turned and charged, killing twenty Mexicans and taking one prisoner.

During the fight a Ranger named Chevalier was thrown from his horse, and several Mexicans dismounted to finish him off. Hays and another Ranger rode to the rescue, with Hays shooting a Lancer who was in the act of skewering the fallen Ranger. Hays swung Chevalier up behind him and raced to safety.

Moving against a large band of Comanches a few weeks later, Hays discovered twelve Indian scouts camped on open ground. The Indians discovered the Rangers at the same time and ran into a dogwood thicket, losing only one of their number to Ranger fire. Hays stationed his men around the thicket and, with two men went in. The brush was so thick they couldn't see the Indians until right on them. One Ranger was shot in the neck and the other killed outright. Hays was shot in the hand, but he managed to bring the wounded man out. Hays returned to the thicket, this time carrying a double-barreled shotgun and a pistol. Three Indians charged him with bow and arrow, but the thick brush deflected their shots. When they were ten paces away, Hays killed two of them with shotgun blasts. The other Indian retreated before Hays could swing his pistol into play.

Hays crawled out of the thicket, picked up a Yager rifle and went back in again. For three hours, he fought the Indians over the acre of ground comprising the thicket. He constantly shifted position, dropping an Indian whenever one exposed himself, until he had killed all but two. The Comanche now giving him the most trouble had a rifle and sniped at him from behind a log. Eventually the Indian raised his head too high and Hays shot him. The remaining Indian ran from the thicket and into a hail of Ranger fire.

THE Rangers returned to San Antonio for reinforcements, in order to move against the main body of Comanches. In the saloons, Hays' scout, the Lipan chieftain, Flacco, would cry, "Me and squaw not afraid to go hell together, but Captain Jack heap brave, not afraid go hell by himself!"

With a force of 120 men, the largest he ever commanded in an Indian fight, Hays now returned and struck the Comanches, estimated at a thousand.

The Indians retreated in order before the first Texas charge. Hays' charmed life almost came to an end when his horse wheeled and bolted straight toward the Comanches. Flacco, thinking Hays was charging, galloped at his heels, two men charging a thousand. The Indians were taken by surprise, and Hays was able to drop one warrior with a snap shot before bringing his horse under control and riding back to his own men.

Fighting continued all day. Hays lost thirty men, but several hundred Comanches were killed. The Comanches were able to retreat because Hays didn't have the men to pursue them, but never again did they raid the settlements in force. Thereafter their raids were confined to horse-stealing affairs conducted by small bands.

Jack Hays had been in the biggest Indian fight of his life insofar as numbers involved. Later, in the Battle of Plum Creek in 1841, Captain Jack led twenty-five Rangers against 100 Apaches and completely routed them. This fight was an epic milestone in Plains warfare because in it the revolving pistol was used for the first time. The twenty-six Rangers carried Colt Patterson "five-shooters"; the so-called Texas Arm—and with its advent, the bloody threat of large-scale Comanche aggression was ended forever. Indian fighting went on, but the day of the savage Comanches as "Lords of the South Plains" was done.

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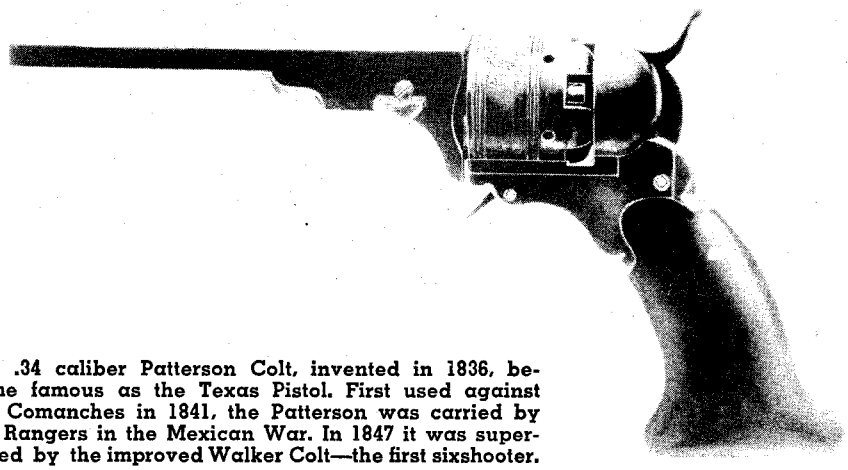
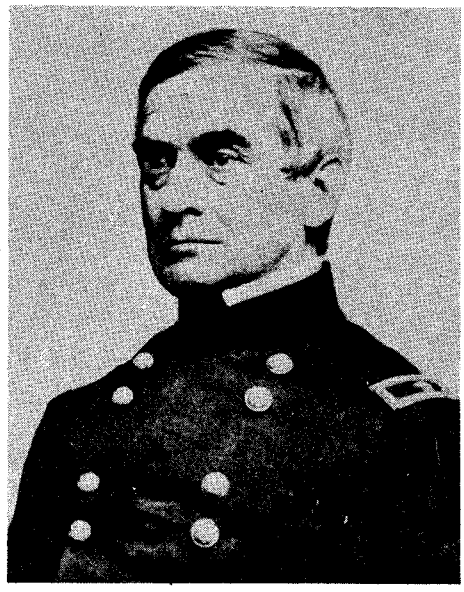


The .34 caliber Patterson Colt, invented in 1836, became famous as the Texas Pistol. First used against the Comanches in 1841, the Patterson was carried by the Rangers in the Mexican War. In 1847 it was superseded by the improved Walker Colt—the first sixshooter.



General Worth, Mexican War veteran, for whom the city of Fort Worth, Texas, was named.

On June 8, 1844, Captain Jack and fifteen Rangers tackled 76 Comanches in another vicious scrap. Hays led his Rangers out of San Antonio into the Pedernales River country, and it was there that the fight occurred.

The Comanches sighted the white men, and vice-versa. The Rangers found some protection on a brushy hill-top. The Indians circled around in approved Comanche fashion, taunting the Texans for their cowardice and boasting of the scalps they would take. Finally, they were sufficiently worked up to charge. One volley from the dismounted Rangers tore into the savages, leaving riderless horses here and there. But the Indians had expected that. It was the price they had to pay to get in close before the white men could reload.

Then something happened which took the Indians entirely by surprise. The Texans mounted their horses, but not to flee. They charged the Indians head-on, yelling as blood-curdling as any Comanche. Instead of trying to raise a long rifle into firing position, the Texans blazed away with their "five-shooters."

The result was utter chaos among the Comanches.

A. J. Sowell, an Indian fighter of his time and author of "Early Settlers and Indian Fighters in Southwest Texas," wrote:

"Never was a band of Indians more surprised than at this charge. They expected the Rangers to remain on the defense and to finally wear them out and exhaust their ammunition . . . In vain the Comanches tried to turn their horses and make a stand, but such was the wild confusion of running horses, popping pistols and yelling Rangers that they abandoned the idea of a rally and sought safety in flight."

The Rangers pursued the Indians for more than three miles. Sowell quoted a Comanche chieftain as saying that he never wanted to fight Jack Hays and his Rangers again, as they had a "shot for every finger on the hand."

SOON after the debut of the "five-shooters," romance came to Jack Hays. He met Susan Calvert at a dance in Seguin, a town a few miles from his San Antonio headquarters. He knew right off that the seventeen-year-old beauty was the girl for him. Susan knew it, too. But while Jack Hays was a man of decision when it came to fighting Indians, his style of love-making was something else again. He was shy, soft-spoken, and with a pretty girl in the moonlight, he couldn't operate.

His was a slow suit, and they were not even formally engaged by the time Texas voted for annexation to the United States. War with Mexico was a certainty now. General Taylor had moved into the disputed territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers.

When the war did break, General Taylor, disdainful of Texas military prowess, declared he would use a few companies of Rangers "just to keep the Texans' hearts in the war." Hays and his company were ordered to join the General near Point Isabel.

Taylor had cavalry, but it couldn't keep from getting lost in the chapparal, much less maneuver in it. "Old Rough and Ready" had to learn the hard way what Texans had learned a generation before—that Texas country called for new weapons, a new type of horse and saddle and even a new breed of men. Some sixty U. S. Dragoons were set upon by Mexicans while floundering in the chapparal and decimated.

Hays and his company swung out ahead of Taylor to ascertain the number of men under the opposing command of General Arista. Arista learned Hays was before him and, anxious to eliminate the famed Ranger, sent out an overwhelming force. Hays, anticipating nothing more than a scouting force, was surrounded.

Hays' situation was desperate; his only choice was to try and break through. Sitting his horse he prayed:

"Almighty God, be on our side if You can. If You just can't, then please don't be on theirs. Just stand over there on that hilltop and watch the damndest fight You ever saw."

Hays' amen was "Charge!" In a hell-for-leather assault the Rangers broke through.

First heavy fighting of the war came at Palo Alto Prairie, May 8, 1846. Taylor's artillerymen outgunned the Mexicans, and Arista staggered backward from the furious American cavalry charge that followed. The Rangers rode through the retreating Mexicans again and again, taking a heavy toll.

Taylor called in his hard-riding scouts and gave orders to march on to Fort Brown (now Brownsville). Hays and the Texans were loud in their protests. They wanted to pursue Arista day and night, as long as there was an enemy in front of them, then double back and look for stragglers. Moving without regard for supplies or artillery presented no problems to them. But Taylor's orders naturally prevailed.

AFTER coming out of summer camp at Fort Brown, Taylor moved on Monterrey. He struck on September 18. Hays, who now had a regiment numbering 900, moved out before dawn to scout the Saltillo Road. When day broke, the Rangers saw a regiment of Mexican Lancers drawn up not two hundred yards away. The Rangers were caught flatfooted; many were sleeping and hardly an animal was saddled.

Hays, sizing up the situation instantly, rode toward the Lancers, a saber in his hand. Reining up a few yards from the formidable troops, he challenged, in passable Spanish, the Mexican colonel, commanding, to a saber duel. The colonel nodded assent and began to throw off his encumbrances. That finished, he rode toward Hays, saber waving in the early morning air. Hays suddenly dropped his saber, whipped out a pistol and shot the colonel out of his saddle. With that he raced back to his men.

The Lancers, momentarily stunned by the suddenness of the gesture, recovered and made a frenzied charge. But Hays had gained the time he wanted; his men had taken shelter behind their horses. The charge cost the Mexicans eighty men, while the Texans lost one.

It wasn't a gallant thing Hays had done if viewed in the knighthood tradition, but the Rangers played for keeps. Or it might have been that Jack Hays' hands didn't fit a saber any better than a plough handle.

Thus began the battle of Monterrey. The Rangers began it in a playful spirit, riding singly under the very walls and then retreating in a wide circle. Each man would try to outdo his predecessor.

(*Continued on page* 40)

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By HARRY E. CHRISMAN

Illustrated by Bill Neale

It took a strong body and a stronger faith in his God for Frank Carlin to save himself from the death-trap into which he had fallen.

THE team shied in the dusk, and Frank Carlin decided to investigate the trail road he was following up through the draw. He might be off the road.

Stepping from the spring wagon—and it was the longest step he had ever taken before, or since—he went into space, feet first. With the realization of what was happening, he raised his arms above his head, hands clasped together.

"Oh God, have mercy on me," he prayed as he plunged deeper into the inky blackness.

Frank Carlin had realized his plight almost instantly when he stepped into the void. He had fallen into a well. He knew, because he had helped dig some of those wells on the high tablelands of central Nebraska. Many of them, he knew, were 200 to 300 feet in depth. As the drought and grasshoppers of the early '90s drove the homesteaders from their lands, they pulled stakes, leaving behind many abandoned wells. Open at the top, they were a deadly trap for man and beast alike.

Carlin struck bottom like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn, splashing water and mud high. Strangling in the stagnant water, he brought himself to the surface and grasped for a hand hold on the casing. As he tore away bits of the rotting wood with his fingernails, he heard his team running away, carrying with them his sole chance of discovery and help from the outside.

The casing was slimy to the touch, but he managed to pull a rotting board from the curbing. With the benefit of a better hand hold, he wedged the board into a groove between the other boards of the curbing and, with difficulty, fashioned himself a perch upon which he crawled.

Carlin was a deeply religious man. There was an affinity between him and Nature and his conception of a Living God. Like most settlers, he was also a rugged man, tough as rawhide, for it took tough men to live in that unfriendly environment. Now here, at the bottom of the abandoned well, sitting on the precarious seat he had fashioned, he took stock of his terrible predicament. Finding his greatest present asset to be his firm belief in the great, though mysterious, works of God, he prayed. After thanking his Creator for sparing his life, he turned to his physical condition.

One ankle pained sharply. It was already beginning to swell. Deep pains in his back told him of additional injuries, perhaps a broken rib or two. He was cold from the dousing in the muddy water, and the atmosphere at the well's bottom was close and mouldy.

He looked up. The evening sky appeared as a tiny circle of smoky gray at the top of a column of black. Clinging there to his miserable roost, Carlin spent the night, cold and half sick from his injuries, but mentally assessing his meager assets for the trials of the morrow. With God's help, he reasoned, he might yet emerge from the well alive. He had been spared, he knew, from instant death in his fall. Would God now help him from his living entombment?

WHEN day stuck a thin finger of light into the gloom of the pit, Carlin commenced studying the well construction. The distance to the top appeared to be at least 100 feet. He little realized that the actual distance was 143 feet, and his underestimation of it, at the time, was actually a psychological asset to him.

The well was curbed with tough cedar wood for distances of from 6 to 16 feet. Then there were gaps not curbed at all. The curbing was tight. The 3-foot lengths of cedar were a foot wide and an inch in thickness, not even providing space to insert a finger between them. The wood higher in the well was dry, hard and well-seasoned.

As Carlin groped for a means of scaling this tough wall, he came to the conclusion that his only hope would be to cut his way up the well curbing with his knife—if it hadn't been lost in his fall.

Reaching into his pocket, he felt for the knife. It was a good one with sharp, strong blades of good steel. Taking it out and handling it carefully to avoid dropping it into the water below, he began the chore of whittling out the first hand and footholds for his ascent.

(*Continued on page* 30)

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The French trappers made the greatest gold discovery on the Pacific Coast, only to be robbed of their treasure by a forest fire and the perfidy of a woman.

THE GOLDEN SANDS OF WHISKEY RUN

By FRANCIS E. SELL

Illustrated by Keith Soward

THE southwestern coast of Oregon was a fairyland in 1851. Evergreen forests came down to the beaches. and the blue rollers of the Pacific creamed endlessly on the white sands. It was a beautifully uninhabited country, save for a few Indian villages at the mouth of the salmon rivers. No wonder Joe Groulois and Jean Baptiste were in no hurry as they journeyed south from Fort Vancouver.

They paused for days with the Umpqua Indians, lolling about the bark lodges—eating, resting, making love to the doe-eyed, dusky complexioned young squaws who served them in the guest lodge.

"But one must go on, *non?*" Baptiste grunted, half a question, half a statement of fact. His eyes turned toward the flowering dogwood on the hillside above the Umpqua River Indian encampment; they followed the long blue curve of sky south along the beach.

They were many miles from Fort Vancouver to the north, and the gold fields of California, their destination, still lay many miles to the south.

They saddled their horses and packed their mules with a fresh supply of dried elk meat which they had purchased with two Hudson Bay Company hunting knives. Mid-morning of a beautiful early May day they turned away while impassive friendly faces watched them plod south along the white sand beaches.

They swam their pack string across Coos Bay, while they ferried their saddles and provisions across in an Indian dugout, paying their fare with a yard of red cloth. Then again they were on a broad coastal Indian trail just above high tide mark.

Hot, sultry weather lay like a benediction on the coast. Jean Baptiste, heading the pack string, pulled up at a small stream a short day's travel south of Coos Bay where a sparkling shimmer of fresh water poured over an expanse of jet-black sand. Dismounting, he walked inland to be above the salt chuck, then knelt to drink. Joe Groulois waited with the horses, absently watching a white gull drift by on silent wings above the blue curl of the breakers.

"Joe! Joe! Come quickly! *Mon Dieu,* what a snail you are!"

"Gold!" Baptiste shouted, thrusting a handful of dripping yellow sand toward his partner. "We have made a rich strike this time!"

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Groulois slid from his saddle horse, ground-hitching the pack string, and ran toward the sound of Jean Baptiste's voice in the low, screening willows.

"Gold!" Baptiste shouted, thrusting a handful of dripping yellow sand toward him. "Gold!" His black eyes snapped. "Gold of a surety. We have made the rich strike."

THAT last was probably the understatement of the century. They were literally standing on the greatest "flour gold" strike Pacific beaches were to produce. True, some mining had already taken place at Gold Beach, Oregon. The sands of Cape Blanco had yielded a fair amount of dust, but this strike was destined to top them all.

The sands were literally golden, shimmering yellow in the May sunshine. "*Mon Dieu!*" Joe Groulois exclaimed. "This is impossible. This cannot be!" They scrambled through the low beach willows, following the course of the brook. As they advanced, the richness of their strike became more and more evident. Flour gold could be scooped up in their hands.

Not only gold, but the silver color of platinum was mixed with the black sands. Later, the tailing sumps of mines were to be silver-colored with platinum, because it was at the time worthless. A miner held a quart pickle jar under a tailing screen and obtained a quart of platinum to send home to his small daughter. Generations later this jar was found in the attic, and its contents were worth $2,350.

Jean Baptiste and Joe Groulois rushed back to their pack string. With trembling hands they pulled the burdens off their mules, unsaddled their horses and turned them out to graze on the bench above the beach.

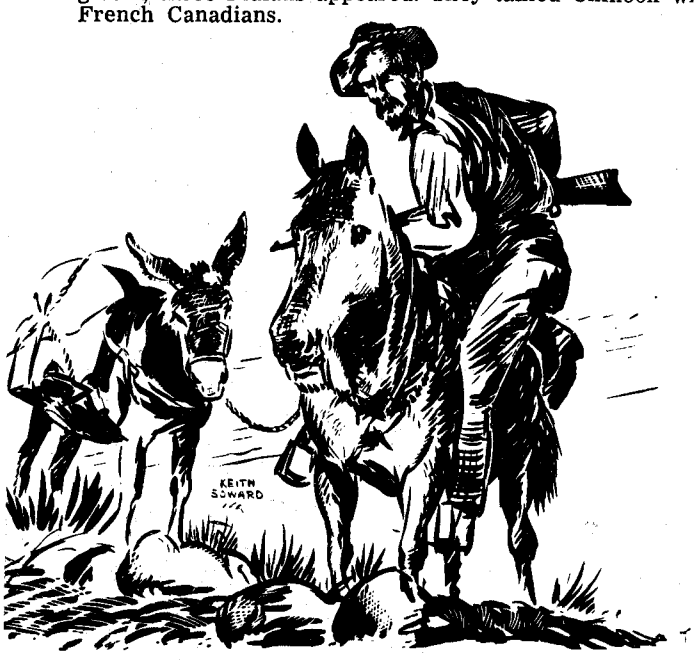
They labored prodigously until they had diverted the small stream, sending it alongside a ditch, the better to work the golden sands. Stars blossomed over the broad sweep of the Pacific. The trade winds died in the dark forest behind them. They only had time to pan a few shovels-full of sand before nightfall, but they got an ounce of flour gold to each shovel-full.

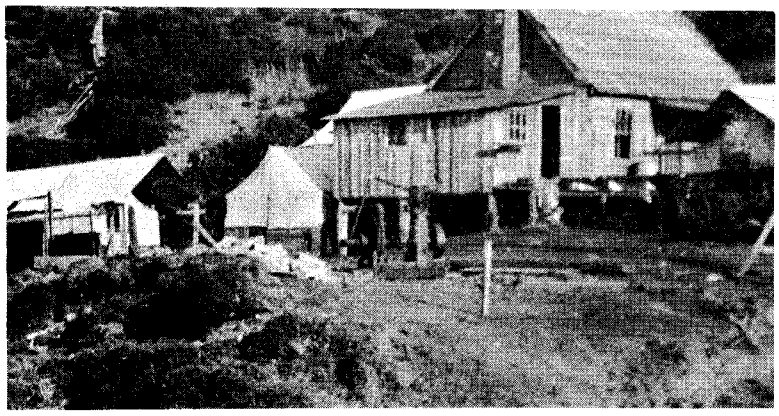
The men talked while they ate a supper consisting of dried elk meat, and black, unsweetened coffee. Their driftwood fire made a pin-point of light against the dark, star-studded backdrop of the Pacific.

"This must be kept secret," said Joe Groulois. "We will work this carefully, but not one word—not even to our Indian friends—must we speak of this. *Mon Dieu,* what a strike! No more trapping for Hudson Bay Company."

DAYLIGHT came and they were working the bed of the small stream, sweating, slapping at sand flies, and their golden hoard increased at a fabulous rate. The tightly-woven Indian baskets in which they had purchased dried venison were used as containers. Buckskin bullet bags, powder cans —anything which would hold gold—was pressed into service. But still there was no end.

That night, when their campfire blazed up against the gloom, three Indians appeared. They talked Chinook with the French Canadians.





Log shanties greeted Baptiste and Groulois, where the beach willows once made an impassable barricade.

"Why you stay here?" the squat, greasy fingered leader asked, eating a piece of the dried venison.

Jean Baptiste shrugged his shoulders. "We rest our pack-string for a few days before continuing south."

The Indian stood up, thrust his hand over the heart of Baptiste. "Ni-ka tum-tum hyui wa-wa! (Your heart speaks loud otherwise)." He turned and walked off in the darkness, followed by his two companions.

Provisions ran low during the following days. They were down to dried elk meat alone. No sugar. No coffee. Their meager supply of flour was but a memory.

An Indian traveling up the beach trail from the south told them a company of Uncle Sam's Boston Men, as they called the soldiers, had landed at Port Orford, about forty miles to the south. There was plenty of Hyui Scopum fire water and white man chuck to be had for a price.

Joe Groulois finally drew the job of journeying south to see about the possibilities of getting provisions. Baptiste, it was decided, should stay and work the claim.

"How much gold should be taken? Of a surety things will be high. A mule load, perhaps?" Groulois looked at his partner.

"What is a mule load of gold?" Baptiste shrugged. "Do we not stand on gold? Poof!"

If they had known the misadventure this trip south was to set in motion, they would have avoided Port Orford like a plague. But Groulois saddled of an early morning and headed south, trailing a mule with a load of gold. It was perhaps two hundred pounds, the usual standard pack load for mules in the west.

Blue combers were breaking along the beach. At the mouth of the Coquille River he had to wait for low tide before fording. The second day, early in the afternoon, he arrived at the blockhouse in Port Orford.

SOLDIERS loafed about the open gate of the stockade. Others were doing sentry duty on the beach trails, keeping an eye on a sullen encampment of Rogue River Indians, for this was on the eve of a general uprising. Already, miners had been killed, a few isolated settlers murdered.

The raw seaport was a teeming city to Joe Groulois, used to the solitude of the northern beaches, a place where one would pick up news, talk to strangers.

He tied his saddle horse and pack mule in front of a log house which had a slab sign with "Saloon" burned in it. Inside, two whiskey barrels were propped up on a crude platform. A tin cup was chained to each one, and the bartender, rifle leaning against the rough board counter, waited on customers. A drink cost as much gold dust as the bartender could take from a miner's poke between thumb and fore finger—a universal custom in the gold fields were actual currency was very scarce or totally absent.

Groulois drew a tin cup of whiskey, tossed it down, then extended a small Indian basket full of flour gold for the "pinch."

The bartender reached over, took his pay and eyed Groulois speculatively.

"Mining here abouts? Don't remember seeing you before."

"Came up from the south just now, *monsieur.*"

"Must have a way with those Rogue River Indians. They have been knocking off miners down that way the past month."

"I get along, *monsieur.* You see, I, too, am half Indian."

There was a tinkle of laughter in the doorway. "*Senor,* you could also get along with me."

Groulois turned. She was beautiful—she was smiling at

(*Continued on page* 45)

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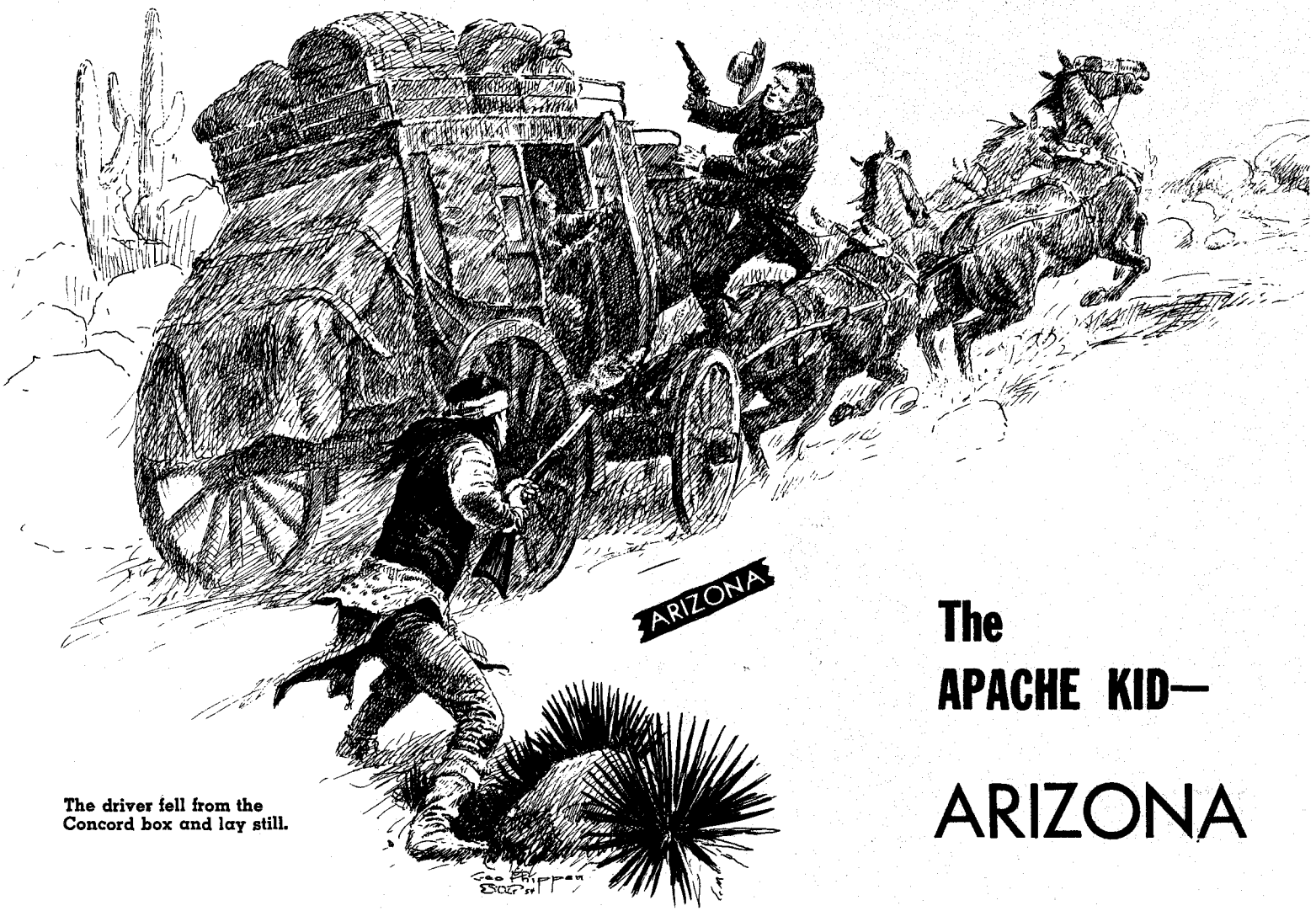

The driver fell from the Concord box and lay still.

The APACHE KID— ARIZONA

Convicted of murder, sentenced to seven years of hard labor at the hellhole that was Yuma, the young Apache made his escape and took the bloody trail of vengeance and retribution.

HIGH mountain country chill lay in the still air that morning of November 1, 1889, when the big stage, hired by Sheriff Glenn Reynolds, pulled up in front of the Globe jail to begin what was to be one of the most sanguine journeys in Arizona Territory's already dark and bloody history. Gene Middleton, the driver, swung down over a front wheel. He knocked on the heavily-barred front door and was admitted by Depty William "Hunky Dory" Holmes. With them in the office, in irons, were eight black-faced, vicious-looking Apache Indians and one Jesus (Hay-zoos) Avota, convicted Mexican horsethief.

Eight of them—Has-ten-tudo-ti, Lac-o-en, Miguel, Wash-lan-tala, "Say-Yes," Pash-la-tua, Cado-dey-du-on, and the smallest of them all: a twenty-year-old youth whom the soldiers at the reservation had affectionately dubbed in childhood, "The Kid." Convicted of a crime all eight had stoutly denied (the murder of a reservation whiskey peddler), they were on their way by stage to the Southern Pacific railroad at Casa Grande. From there they would go by train to one of the worst hell-holes in American prison history—the Territorial Prison in heat-seared Yuma. There they were to serve seven years at hard labor.

The stage never reached Casa Grande.

It covered forty-two miles over mountain roads that first day to a small settlement on the Gila River and continued on the next morning at a slow, lumbering pace. The Kid, leader of the band, laughed and chatted with Reynolds and Deputy Holmes in the smattering of English he had learned as an Apache youngster among soldiers. But, in between, he talked gutturally in the Athapascan tongue, not a word of which was understood by the three white men. Less than five miles from the settlement, the horses, hauling the heavy Concord with its twelve man load, were beginning to tire. Gene Middleton asked the Indians to unload and walk up a steep slope. All piled out into the sand except the Kid and Say-Yes. They were ordered by the sheriff to remain inside. Gene Middleton put the already weary six horses into the upslope haul.

He never reached the top.

Cado-dey-du-on—later hanged at Globe for the murder of an Army officer—slipped his handcuffed arms over the sheriff's shoulders and pinned his overcoated arms to his sides. His rifle fell, and another snatched it up and fired one lightning shot through the sheriff's heart, killing him instantly. Then the Apache swung on Hunky Dory Holmes, struggling with two others, and broke his neck with a second shot. Middleton, hearing the shooting, leaned over the side and covered the Kid and Say-Yes with his six shooter while the Kid cried out, "Don't shoot, Gene. I sit here."

But Say-Yes jumped out, ran back, jerked the rifle from the Apache killer's hands, swung it on Gene Middleton and fired a shot through his neck. The driver fell from the Concord's box and lay perfectly still. It was all over there on the slope—yet it was but the beginning of a one-man reign of terror throughout the length of Arizona Territory and deep in Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico. The Apache with Sheriff Holmes' repeater in hand strode forward and placed the barrel against Gene Middleton's temple to blow out his brains. The Kid said sharply, "He's dead, save that cartridge. And don't bother crushing his head with a rock. We haven't time." (It wasn't until long afterward that the Apache Kid told a white man friend that he knew at the time Middleton wasn't dead; that

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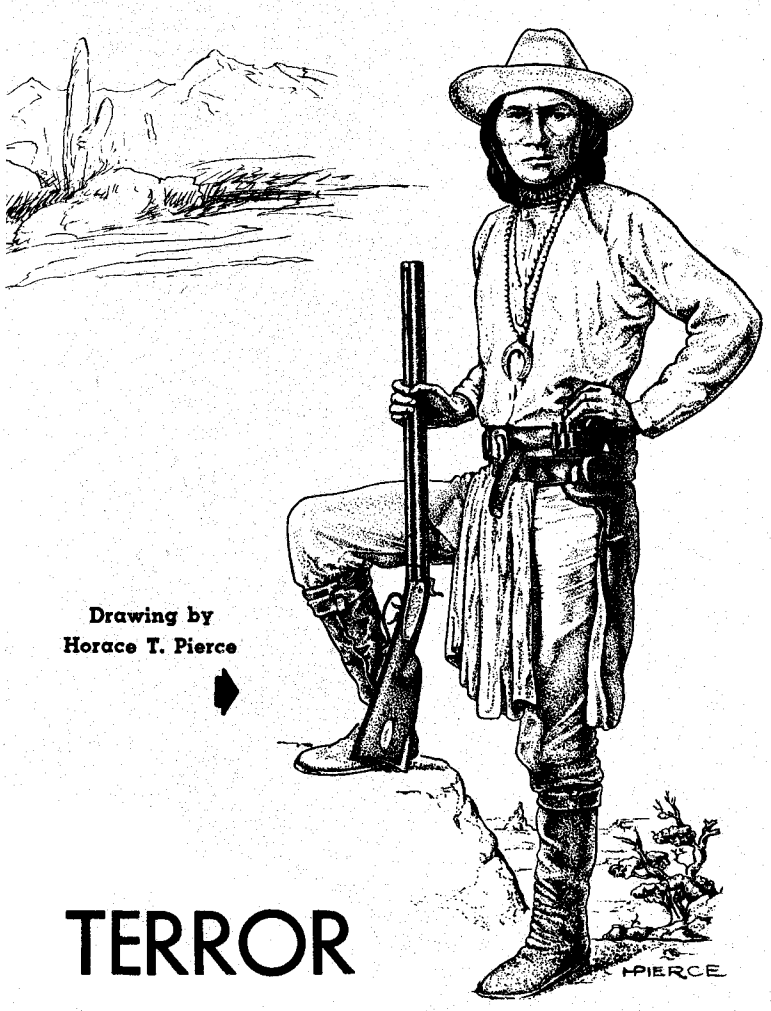

Drawing by Horace T. Pierce

TERROR

By WILLIAM HOPSON

Illustrated by George Phippen

he wanted to save his life because the driver had refused to fire on him in the stage.)

The Apaches unlocked their irons and fled, vanishing as though in thin air, in typical Apache fashion. Avota, the convicted horsethief, made a hard run to a nearby ranch and reported—later receiving a pardon as a result. Gene Middleton, with a gaping slash through his bloody neck, staggered the five miles or so back to the settlement. When a posse from Globe arrived next day to pick up the bodies, they found exactly what they had expected—eight sets of moccasin tracks leading in eight different directions.

THE Kid's story and his subsequent bloody deeds had begun more than twenty years ago when his father, a warrior named Toga-de-chuz, and another warrior were vying for the hand of an Apache girl. Toga-de-chuz won and made the mistake of jeering at his less fortunate rival, a man called variously Rip, or the Ripper. In typical Apache fashion, Rip never forgave or forgot. He waited twenty years while the Kid grew up and became chief of the San Carlos Apache scouts, under the tutelage of the famous Al Sieber. Then, at an opportune moment, he slipped a knife in between the father's ribs and cut his heart in two. Apache tribal law demanded full retribution in kind, and the Kid lost no time. Rip's body was found, horribly cut and hacked, and the Kid fled, a hunted outlaw sergeant of police.

Al Sieber, exceptionally fond of the Apache youngster because of his uncanny ability and zeal in running down bronco warriors, sent word for the Kid to come in and stand trial before military authorities. This summons was promptly obeyed. Through the famous scout's influence, the trial was short and the Apache Kid was a free man, back in Government service. Ordinarily this would have ended the case right there and saved many lives as well. But the civil authorities in Globe, Apache-haters all, wouldn't have it that way and rearrested the young sergeant of police. The new charges involved the killing of the whiskey peddler and, despite evidence to the contrary, the eight men were convicted in a court where an Apache never went free.

Within seventy-two hours after the verdict, two good men, Sheriff Glenn Reynolds, and his deputy, Hunky Dory Holmes, had paid with their lives for that judicial mistake engendered, it was said, by nothing more than white hatred for all things Apache.

It had been three years and three months—since September, 1886—since Geronimo, uncaught by five thousand American and two thousand Mexican cavalrymen, had finally been persuaded to surrender by his friend, Lieutenant Gatewood, and thus ended officially the forty years of Apache warfare. Settlers and established ranchers long since had considered the Apache menace a thing of the past. But the Kid wasn't long in showing them how wrong they could be. With bitter hatred for all whites burning inside him, he set the somnolent Arizona frontier country fresh afire.

With two-year-old Tombstone already at the height of its gun-roaring heydey, outlaw bands roaming the country, white and Mexican killer-smugglers plying their trade back and forth across the border, Arizona Territory's one hundred and thirteen thousand square miles of desert and mountain country contained more badmen than any other like area in the west. These, however, held little actual *terror* for honest men who could shoot as fast and kill as quickly. But when it came to those cunning red devils with bright-colored headbands of cloth who fought with such mercilessly ferocity—that was *terror,* and the name of the Apache Kid was on every man's lips. Also it was on the lips of troopers from every fort who were trying to run him down.

Murder upon murder followed. Small ranches were burned. Men, women and children alike were killed. Cow-punchers went out and never came back. Lone prospectors were found beside waterholes. The Kid and his followers were blamed for almost all of them. That they committed many of these atrocities there can be no doubt. But even after the Kid's followers were all either caught or killed he was going it alone. He once slipped into the camp of a white man who had befriended him and said:

"All the time they lie about me. Many lies. They say I kill babies but I hundred miles away. 'Apache Kid,' that what they say. I kill many people but I no kill babies. No, no! Lies. All lies."

PERHAPS he didn't kill babies, or perhaps in his blind hatred he did. But many American outlaws were not above such ghastly deeds, and some of the cruelest men of all times were the Mexican robbers, bandits and smugglers infesting the

(*Continued on page* 29)

The name of the Apache Kid was on every man's lips.

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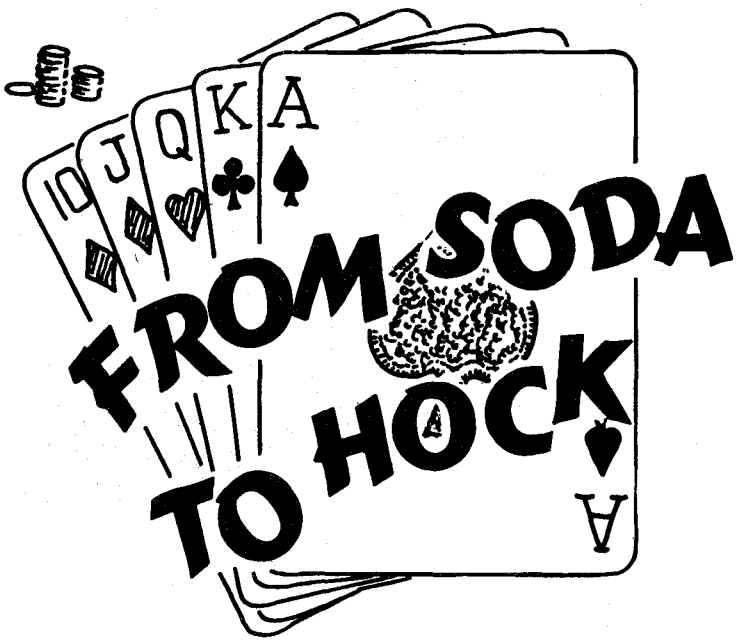

By BOB AND JAN YOUNG

"A LOOLOO BEATS FOUR ACES" read the sign on the wall. But when a sucker tried to collect with a Looloo, the story was different!

Do ye allow a man to bet his pile on one cyard?" the verdant miner asked. He had watched the high-stake faro game for some time before making the request.

The dealer looked up, peering into the miner's eyes which a contemporary report described as "squinted and looking like two dead coals dropped into hog fat."

"Yes," the dealer replied. "Bet your poke, if you like." The California custom of the 1850's allowed miners to drop their unopened bag of dust on a card, announce his bet, and if he won, receive the same amount from the dealer.

"Two ounces," the miner said as he pulled a doeskin pouch from the ragged folds of his clothing. He lost, then won, then won again. But after an hour, the miner was stuck enough the dealer decided to weigh the pouch to equalize the losses. The miner hesitated, then turned and disappeared in the crowd. The dealer shrugged, poured the contents of the pouch onto the layout. There, instead of the expected nuggets, were small pieces of lead. The house had been risking their money against nothing!

SELDOM, however, was a gambler sufficiently audacious to get the edge on the tiger, even temporarily. For faro in the early days of the West was the most popular gambling game, and is still considered the gambler's gamble. At first, dealt from a deck held in the dealer's hand, faro fell into disfavor when a watchmaker named Graves invented a dealing box that could do everything but spit applejuice in the sucker's eye. Terms such as tongue-tell, sand-tell, screw box, needle squeeze, and lever movement chill the heart of any gambler who has stacked chips on the oil-cloth layout. Not all faro games were braced, but all were known as "bucking the tiger." The phrase gained currency because first rate professionals carried their dealing boxes in mahogany cases on which a tiger was painted. Often two chips were inscribed with tigers, and a similar picture on the layout. Though the use of the tiger seems to have no significance except custom, the Royal Bengal universally had a voracious appetite for the gambler's money.

Faro's honest percentage is about two per cent, because of the splits (when two cards of the same rank appear simultaneously the house takes half of the bets on those cards). It is about 16% on the turn, when the gamblers guess the sequence in which the last three cards will appear. But faro generally provided a better edge for the house. Considering skilled mechanics, or operators, were often paid $200 weekly, plus a percentage for dealing, it seems redundant to mention that kind of money wasn't paid for simply pulling cards from the German-silvered box. Ed Moses, for instance, in an eight hour tussle with the Tiger in San Francisco's El Dorado, dropped 200 grand, losing $60,000 of it on one play.

WHEN the public realized they were being gaffed at faro, interest centered on the short-card games, principally poker. Believing the gambler's adage

An old-time faro game running full-blast.

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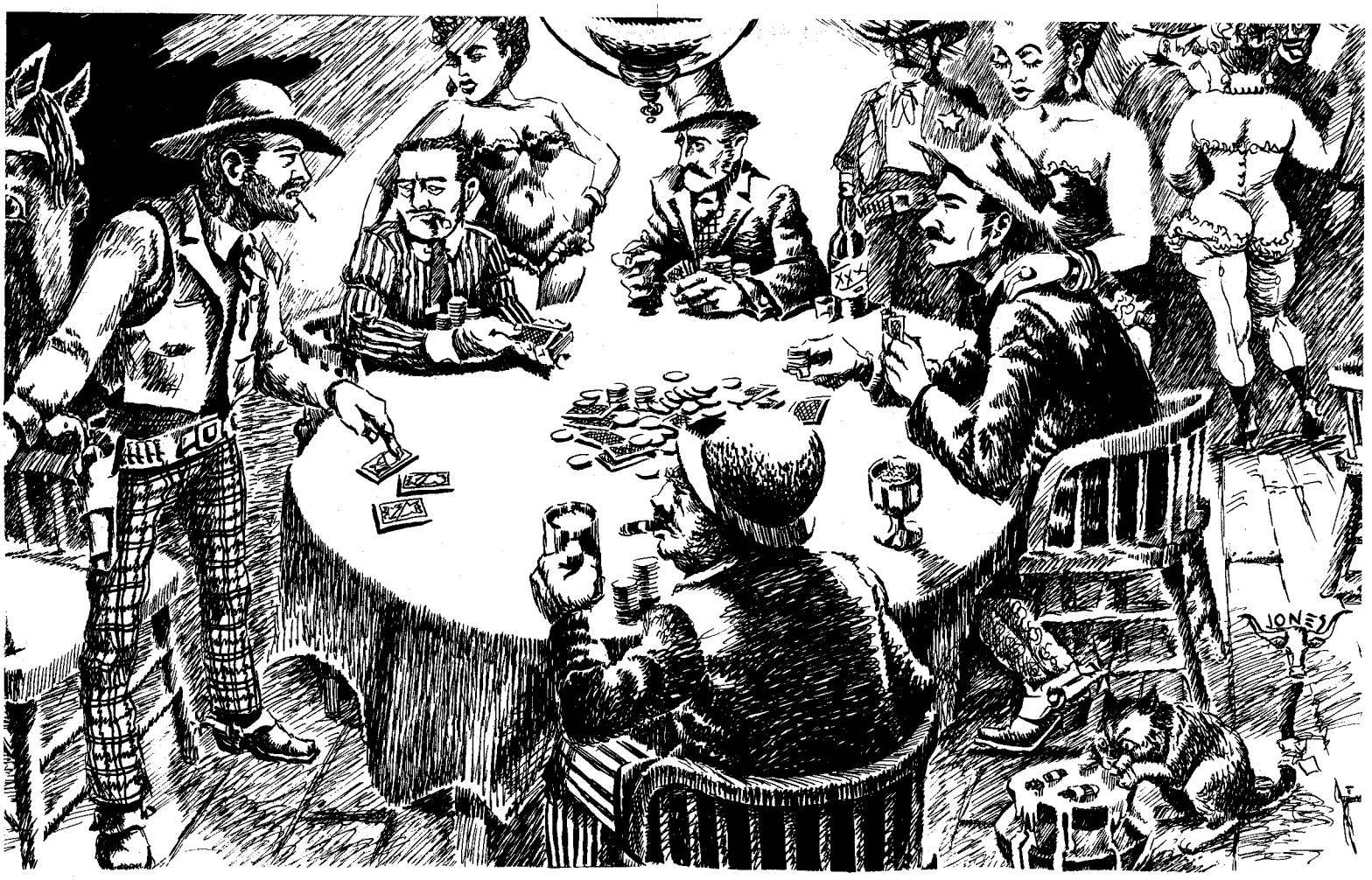

". . . I'll bet this here stud-horse on MY chances!" **Illustrated by James T. Jones**

that "the sucker has no business with money anyway," the professionals introduced a fast-action draw poker game using a deck stripped of everything below the tens! These twenty card decks produced some historic games, stories and legends of which still persist.

Passing the buck is a phrase which evolved from the Western frontier during the 1860's. To indicate the dealer, a buck-horn handled knife was passed around the table. The weapon was also instantly available when an irregularity occurred. Not all irregularities arose from cheating, however. Localities often played such weird combinations as the blaze (all face cards), the Dutch straight (any sequence of even cards), or even the Looloo.

The Looloo's notoriety stems from a poker game played in a Butte, Montana, saloon. Charley Blackeye, a stranger in town, won consistently from the first hand. Shortly, he drew four aces, and got a lot of action on the hand. Magnanimously, he only called the last bet (straights and flushes were not played those days).

Charley spread his hand, then reached for the pot, but the dealer pushed his hand away. "Hold on there, stranger. You don't win. I've got a Looloo."

"What d'ye mean, a Looloo?" Charley asked dazedly.

"Three spades and two hearts. Beats anything. Look at the sign on the wall," the dealer said.

Charley read the small pasteboard sign which read: "A LOOLOO BEATS FOUR ACES." Sadly, Charlie agreed if those were the house rules, then he was licked, and conceded the pot.

Not more than a dozen hands later, Charlie peeled open his five cards: a Looloo! Confidently, Charley raised the bets time and again. When the last bet was called, Charley whooped:

"It's my turn now. I've got a Looloo."

The dealer gave Charley a look of contempt. "Well now, that *is* too bad. You lose again. Look over there. There, behind the bartender."

Charley's heart sank as he read the second placard: "THE LOOLOO CAN BE PLAYED BUT ONCE A NIGHT."

OF course, "advantage tools" were more frequently employed than Looloos to trim the greenpeas. Advantage tools are cheating gimmicks used to get a little the best of it. (Many of these tools, such as hold-out machines, shiners, daubs, thumb pricks, strippers, and marked cards are still available through advertisements in many national magazines). Gamblers working the river between San Francisco and Sacramento often bought all the cards aboard the river boats, replacing them with their own specially stamped stock. (Ship officers were offered a cut of the profits for the deal). But if they couldn't work in their own cards, or feel it safe to mark them during the game with daubs, pegs, or sanding, confederates would "item" the suckers' hands.

One pair worked the river, one posing as guardian for the other, a rich, but only half-bright country boy. It was always the simple one lured into the poker games with new-rich miners. The guardian sat nearby, softly playing the violin. At times the fiddle would scrape and saw, and the simpleton would rake in another pot, chuckling idiotically. The pair had worked out an intricate signal system, based on the notes of the violin, and it was years before anyone rumbled the gaff.

"There's more law in a derringer than a Supreme Court decision," was a saying river gamblers backed up with guns, knives, or both. In one instance, "Canada Bill" Jones roped in a sucker and had most of his money . . . about $800 . . . when the sucker claimed he was getting cheated. Canada Bill looked down the barrel of an immense revolver and quickly decided diplomacy was the best policy.

"Yes, I've been cheating," Canada Bill admitted quietly, "but if you won't say anything, I'll give your money back."

Canada Bill suggested they go through the motions of a final hand . . . the gun staked against the $800. "You'll win," Canada Bill said guilelessly, "and this way it'll look all right to the rest of the people in the lounge."

Bill dealt the two hands, his winning. Quickly he scooped up both money and the gun! "There now," Bill roared. "You've acted like a wet dog over losing a few dollars, now I've got your gun, too. I'm leaving and you're not saying anything. See?"

Canada Bill hocked the pistol for $40 with the purser, and stepped ashore with $840 to gamble again. He looked up the only land-based gambling hall

(*Continued on page* 37)

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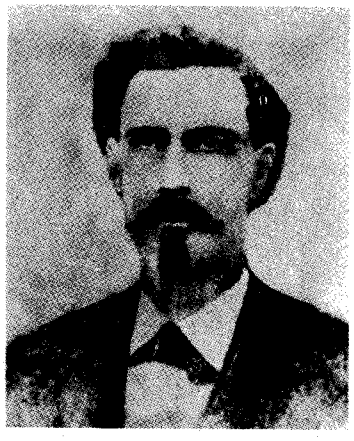

Wild Bill Longley

At the end of a long and blood-stained trail, the hangnoose waited for the neck of Texas' bad man

WILD BILL LONGLEY

By L. PATSCHKE RHODES

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

TEXAS

Bill shot the unarmed Rector and rode away.

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THE rhythmic voices, united in a joyous spiritual, rose in volume and carried clearly from the encampment outside the town of Evergreen, Lee County, Texas, and reverberated through the still night. Almost in unison the assembled singers began to clap hands and stamp feet to the beat of their singing. Their faces registered rapt enjoyment, their voices rose louder, their applauding became more spirited, their enthusiastic hallelujahs rang out.

Suddenly, without warning, there appeared in their midst a white-hooded figure on horseback with blazing six-gun. Mastering his terrified horse, he rode through the startled crowd, laughing at their shrill screams and mad scramble for safety, all the while shooting relentlessly into the group.

"I'll show you niggers how to have a holy roly meeting!" he shouted between shots. "And I'll be back next time!" Firing a parting shot, he rode away, engulfed by the darkness as suddenly as he had appeared from it. But the scene was not the same. He left behind one dead and several wounded.

And he left blood, hate, and fear, where there had been peace.

Before Bill Longley rode down the main street of Evergreen, he discarded the disguise, although the people of the town, white and black alike, knew who the white-hooded spectre was. But what proof had they, and what could they do about it? Bill felt completely safe, and, relaxed after his bit of teen-aged amusement, went home and peacefully to sleep.

That a 16-year-old boy could so calmly empty his gun into human faces and go scot-free indicates the conditions under which Bill Longley grew to boyhood. The year was 1867 and many such violences happened under the camouflage of the Ku Klux Klan, strong in the deep South and accomplishing a historic purpose there, but never formally organized in Texas and never active except as used by such as young Longley for their own purposes.

Two other killings were charged against the youngster before his 19th birthday, two that were known that was. His parents had lost control of him and in those formative years Bill had run race horses, broken up a circus and then drifted back to his home town for the formal beginning of his life of crime.

Born on October 6, 1851, at Mill Creek in Austin County, Bill had spent his boyhood in Evergreen and grew into a handsome 200 pound six-footer. When unprovoked he was gay, talkative, charming; but when anything set off his trigger-quick temper, as happened when his cousin, John Wilson, was killed, Bill's hot-headed impulsiveness got the upper hand. Bill told his friends he knew who his cousin's murderer was. He told them he was going to ride over and have a talk with this man, Rector; but when he left his friends, he was in a fierce mood. His strong chin was jutted out in anger by the time he reached Rector's place. He found the man he was seeking working in the field.

Few preliminaries were exchanged.

"You killed John," Bill stated flatly.

Rector made his denial. "I didn't, and I'm not armed." It was all he could say. Bill leveled his gun at him. He shot Rector and rode away.

FOR the next several years Bill stayed on the move. He rode through the Indian country, through the western and middle western states including Utah and Nevada. He joined an expedition into the High Sierras, including a company of soldiers. Although the youngest member of the expedition, Bill acted the part of the toughest, resulting in the shooting of a man named McClelland and a soldier who made the fatal mistake of giving chase. The rest of the soldiers chased him to the edge of a narrow canyon.

Bill thought he was cornered. The width of the canyon was, by a little bit, too great for his horse to jump. The soldiers were coming on fast. He had to do something and do it in a hurry. He turned and rode directly toward the oncoming soldiers, grinning at their amazement. Then, abruptly, he wheeled his horse and raced it back towards the canyon.

From instinct the horse jumped but failed to span the yawning canyon even at a run and plunged to his death below. The rider was more fortunate, landing on a protruding ledge. Half conscious, Bill kept silent as he heard the soldiers at the edge of the canyon.

"He's dead for certain," one of them remarked. "No use trying to get to him."

Hours later, Bill came to with the sound of a quite different voice in his ears. A soft, musical, girl's voice. She introduced herself as Dolores Gomez, daughter of a wealthy California rancher, and her companion as one of the hired hands. Much to his surprise and pleasure, Dolores nursed him back to health and later helped him leave that section of the country without the disagreeable interference of the soldiers. Bill Longley left California using the name Tom Jones and cherishing the memory of a beautiful girl.

There are other versions of this phase of Bill Longley's stormy life. As is the case of any Western bad man, the reader and writer have to take a choice. The better known stories of Longley state he operated for a time with Cullen Baker's gang, went on to Salt Lake City, was arrested for shooting a soldier from Fort Leavenworth and escaped, served a short prison term for murder and then was among the Ute Indians for a time.

But whatever the cold facts of these years away from Texas, whether or not he was hanged once and survived due to a flaw in the gallows, Bill Longley returned to his "old stomping ground" very much the same man who had left it, and if the so-called facts of one version vary from another, the patterns are about the same.

And so was the man.

BY 1875 Longley was using another name—Jim Patterson—and working in a cotton gin in McLennan County near Waco for a Captain Sadbury. Bill was popular, sociable, joining in on fox hunts and card games. All went well. Bill was contented, doing his honest share of work. But there was a trouble-maker in the group of friends and acquaintances, an *hombre* named George Thomas with a chip on his shoulder concerning his own toughness. Bill paid little attention to him at first, but a quarrel was unavoidable between two such quick-tempered men.

A fist-fight occurred between the two when Thomas accused Longley of cheating at cards.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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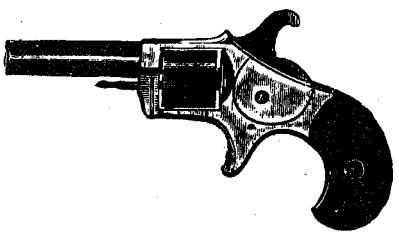

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Wild Horse Roundup

(*Continued from page* 9)

would get on the highest ridge to follow the plane as it flew past. Roy agreed to cut away a small section of the lead surface on a wing above the cabin. We set the automatic camera with control from inside the cabin, to get shots of the plane's diving down on the horses.

One morning Roy flew over a hundred miles, searching. He found a buckskin stallion standing defiantly on a high butte, statuesque and unafraid—until the plane dived straight down on him with the siren screaming.

The stallion wheeled, plunged down the steep cliffs into the canyon below. Roy knew the mares and colts would be close by, probably hidden in the deep shadows. He circled for position, put his nose down, and dived straight into the narrow canyon. He pulled out in a steep climb after firing his gun to frighten the horses out of hiding. Looking back over his left shoulder, he saw the herd led by the huge stallion, racing out of the canyon towards open country.

Soon they were strung out along the well-worn trail leading north, just where Roy figured they'd go. He counted twenty-two, including colts, frisky with the cool early morning air in their nostrils. They kept a steady pace without being spooked much. That gave Roy a chance to go upstairs and look over the country for strays he might encourage to join the herd.

HALFWAY back to the trap, in a grassy pocket beyond the first ridge to the west, a smaller bunch was grazing. Roy came down behind the herd he was trailing, brushing their tails to remind them he was on the job. They took out at a gallop. The plane banked, straightened out close to the ground, skimming the sagebrush as Roy flew full throttle to sneak up on the new bunch.

It took some quick and fancy flying to persuade the small herd to leave green pastures and climb out of the valley to the high country above. But Roy crowded them relentlessly. Once on top, it was easy for him to set their course to join up with the other trail about eight miles ahead. He eased up the pressure on the new herd and went over to give the first bunch a boost.

Now the horses were making an easy twenty-five miles an hour, running parallel to one another. The plane buzzed one bunch, then hedge-hopped at full speed to give the others the same treatment. Soon the horses saw one another, and Roy brought the two bunches together. Horses, in trouble, like company—just as men do. But Roy took no chances. He buzzed them furiously, letting the shadow of the plane flick by just where they could see it, but not feel it.

As they neared the trap, Roy went upstairs, so Frank could spot him coming into home port. Frank could tell when Roy had a bunch and how many were in it by the way the plane maneuvered. If the horses were especially ornery and hard to drive, he could tell that, too, and got ready to handle them accordingly.

We could see the plane above the horizon as it zigzagged back and forth to bring the two herds together. Frank's mount for this part of his job was Slippers, and the horse became alert and tense as the plane came nearer. Frank was frozen. He kept his eyes glued to the distant slopes leading down into the wide basin before us. None of us dared move. We checked lens settings, but it was anybody's guess as to where the best action would take place and whether we could cover it.

Soon a thin column of dust stood out against the horizon. The drive was coming along. Roy circled high, set his course towards the camp and flew full speed. When he was about 500 feet away he cut his motor, came down lower in a tight circle about our position.

He stuck his head out of the cabin and shouted, "There's thirty-four. Watch that black stallion. He's wary."

Roy flew back, gave the horses another convincing switch of the plane's tail. They broke over the crest of the ridge and galloped down into the basin. They had to be kept on the run now, so they wouldn't spread out or get a notion to bolt up one of the innumerable draws leading out of Frank's trap.

Frank mounted Slippers and waited tensely for the moment to give his mount the reins. Three of his riders were also poised, waiting for Frank's signal.

Time raced with the wild bunch. Heads high, seeming to sense danger, the horses came nearer. The exhaust of the plane's motor was louder now, the menacing whine of the siren grew closer.

What a picture! I started my camera, hoping to pick up a fill-in distant scene.

"Cut that thing off!" Frank cautioned quietly. I did, but not for long. The horses were opposite us. As if shot out of a catapult, Frank and his riders were hard on the heels of the mustangs, waving sacks, yelling like Indians. The riders spread out in a hurry, sealing off any attempts by the herd to divide up into small groups and dash to freedom.

With telephoto lens in position, the action before us faded quickly into distant uncertainty. The spectacle moved along our "stage" at 35 miles an hour!

A big cloud of dust left its trail and disappeared beyond the canyon walls as the drive was squeezed into the narrow throat of the trap. We saw the plane come in again, low, and disappear into the canyon. Then it reappeared, climbing almost straight up as if coming out of the earth itself.

WE went down to the corral where Frank was already roping and throwing the horses, one by one. He let them know right off that, with his lariat, strong legs and arms, iron nerve and real know-how, he was their master.

As the horses milled around, crowding frantically against the corral, Frank dropped a loop where front feet would come down. There was a quick jerk to tighten the loop close to the hoofs, and with his body braced against the horse's weight, Robbins would time his pull to send the horse crashing to the ground. Before the dust had cleared, another cowboy had thrown himself on the mustang's head while Frank inspected the animal.

Frank put in use a trick he had learned from the Indians. He sewed up the noses with buckskin cords, to cut

(*Continued on page* 28)

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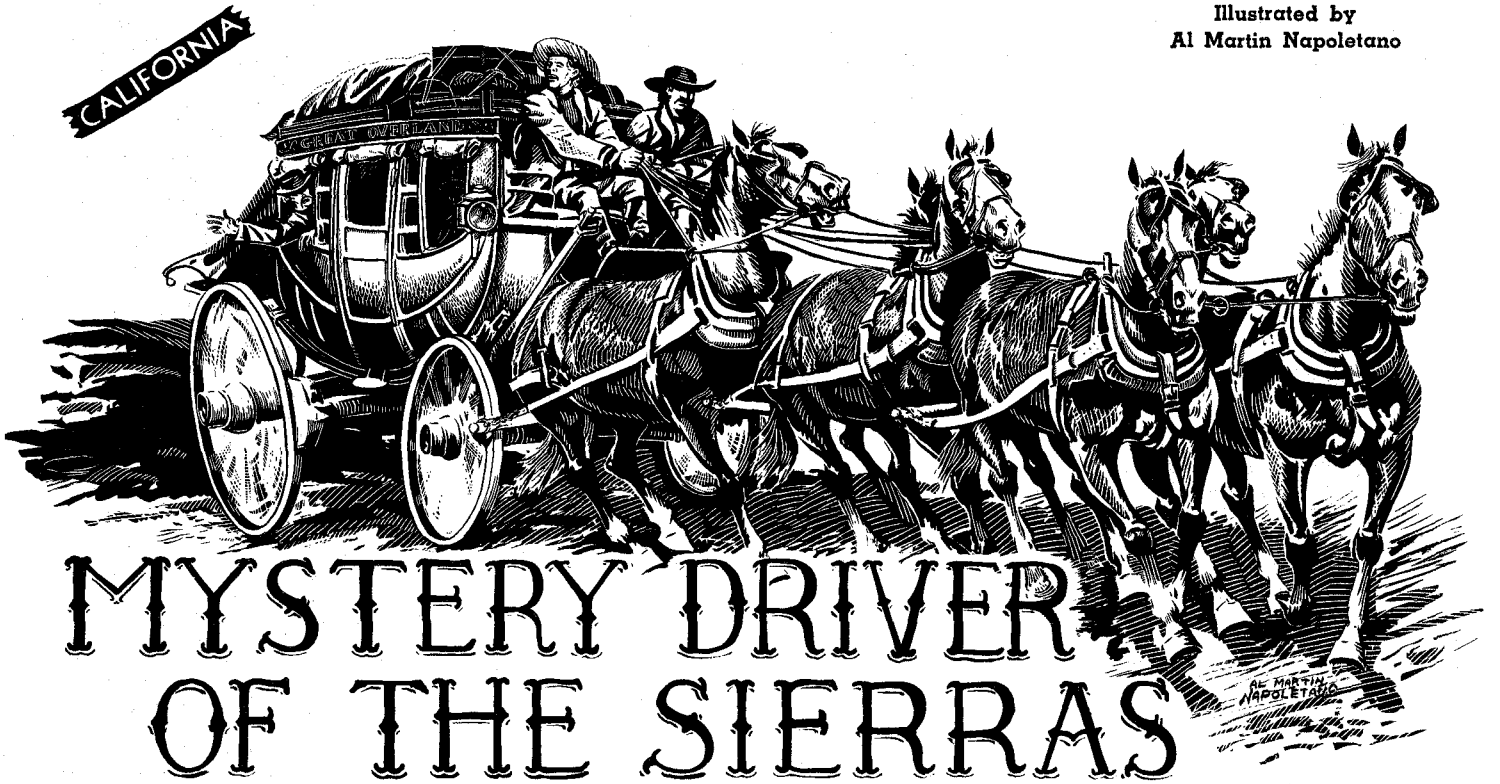
Al Martin Napoletano



MYSTERY DRIVER OF THE SIERRAS

There was a puzzling mystery about Charlie Pankhurst —a mystery dispelled only by death itself.

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

IN the 1850's and 60's the Great Overland Mail and Stage Lines extended across the nation a distance of nearly two thousand miles from Atchison, Kansas, to the bustling gold camp of Placerville, California. The going was rough for the heavily-loaded stagecoaches. Bad Indians and stampeding buffalos made the long haul over the Plains difficult enough for the harried drivers, but their troubles multipled once the mountains were reached.

Getting the dizzily-rocking stagecoaches over the lofty Sierra Nevadas into California was a hair-raising operation requiring not only the best horses available but the best reinsmen to handle them. Urgent appeals for experienced coach drivers at high wages appeared regularly in the big Eastern newspapers; therefore, it was inevitable that sooner or later the ace reinsmen of coaching America gravitated to the Mountain Division of the Great Overland. Charlie Pankhurst was among the earlier arrivals.

Slim and wiry, with alert grey eyes set slightly aslant in a handsome dark-tanned face, young Pankhurst seemed to live only to drive horses. The newcomer's slender strong hands handled the reins over a six-horse team as a violinist his bow, sensitive and responsive to each varying mood and action of each high-strung animal. Urging them on the straightaway, encouraging them on the steep up-grades, steadying them on the precipitious down-slopes and terrifying turns, Pankhurst guided a team with the firm, soothing touch of a master. Even such hardy veteran drivers as Hank Monk, Curly Dan and Black Jack Crowder grumpily admitted that the smooth-faced, silent youngster from the fine plank roads of New England "war a ring-tailed whizzer in the mountings."

Yet there existed a puzzling element of mystery about young Pankhurst. Charlie never talked of the past, never asked questions, never volunteered any personal information to curious fellow drivers. Where Curly Dan and Black Jack and the other boys knocked off work a couple of days every month or so to relax taut nerves in boisterous Placerville, Charlie remained quietly on the job, aloof and inscrutable and apparently content. Black Jack Crowder simmered in silence over this mystery for some time and finally blew up.

"Charlie, you're the most onsociable feller I ever worked with!" exploded Jack one day. "All you want to do is drive them pet matched grays of yours. By gravy, you even *sleep* in the barn with 'em instead o' bunkin' in with the rest of us in the cabin. Doggone it, it ain't *natural* for a young feller of your age to be so crazy about horses! A good lookin' cuss like you had oughter be sparkin' the gals, not playin' nursemaid to a six-horse team!"

Charlie smiled at Black Jack, and declared that horses were easier to get along with than people. Jack glared at this remark and stamped off in huge disgust to join Hank and Curly.

YOUNG Pankhurst had told Black Jack the simple truth. The silent reinsman loved all horses and treated them with a tenderness never seen before on the rough frontier. Frightened mustangs, newly arrived from the wild open range, quieted down magically when Charlie stroked their shaggy necks and murmured "horse talk" unintelligible to mere humans into their wickedly flattened ears. Even usually intractable stallions quit "acting up" the moment Charlie approached them.

Horses rolling in agony from a violent attack of colic nickered pitifully when Charlie examined them with probing yet gentle fingers. Meekly they swallowed bitter-tasting medicines, and didn't struggle even if Charlie had to resort to the drastic "tapping" procedure to relieve the dangerous gas pressure on their vital organs. A single convulsive kick when the sharp knife-point punched through tough hide and muscle wall into the painfully distended belly was their sole protest of the merciful blade. Relief came with dramatic suddenness after each spectacular operation and almost invariably the equine patient recovered.

With no formal training in veterinary surgery, with only extensive practical experience bolstering what oldtime horsemen called "a feel for doctorin'," Charlie Pankhurst accomplished seeming miracles. Pulling into Strawberry Station, high in the Sierras, the crack young driver heard a horse groaning in pain inside a box stall. The stock-tender explained carelessly that a cheap old mare, in foal and long past due, was suffering from an internal obstruction of some kind. If nothing developed within an hour or two, he would be forced to shoot her. A pity, yes; but since nothing could be done for her . . .

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Wild Horse Roundup

(*Continued from page* 26)

down breathing capacity. Thus, he could hold each day's catch out on the range. When he had a herd of 200 or more horses, he could trail-drive them easily to the railhead without loss along the way.

With his knowledge of horses, Frank catalogued each one personally as he handled it. Stallions and mares with strong blood lines would go into his own special breeding herd. Other sound horses were put aside for buyers who came from many states. Old and crippled ones would be sold to the meat-processing plants for cat and dog food. Horses with brands would go to their owners, upon payment of roundup fees.

Frank's moment of satisfaction came when he climbed up on the top rail of the corral, looked over the bunch, and said, "There's some mighty fine slicks in there."

My moment of satisfaction came the day the many hours of patient waiting paid off through my camera lens. My eyes were glued to the narrow opening 200 yards ahead of me, my right thumb pressing lightly on the motor switch of my camera, when I heard the sporadic buzzing of a light plane. As the plane pulled out of a dive, idled above for another pass, a thundering noise bounced off the canyon walls. I knew this was the moment I had waited for. I heard the plane's deafening roar as it dived again, barely out of sight around the corner.

Just then the lead horses broke into view. My camera motor began clicking off film. In a split second the canyon floor was crowded with wild, neighing horses, as the plane zoomed close to their backs, climbed almost vertically to miss crashing into rugged, eroded cliffs ahead. One hundred yards away now, the herd was in tight formation, racing to avoid the plane and the four yelling, mounted men who had dashed out of hiding.

THE herd charged directly for my camera position, close to the ground, right in the middle of the narrow passage leading to the trap. My camera was placed so that some of the horses would be forced directly over it. On they came, heads high, eyes searching for an escape passage, but forced ahead by the sweeping momentum of two hundred horses massed behind them.

With my camera recording the spectacle from low down, each fraction of a second brought them closer, directly into full view of the wide angle lens. Heads and straining muscular bodies went out of view over the top of my finder, enormous hoofs were planted right in front of the lens, as the lead horses veered sideways, just enough to miss the blind.

This was a boulder eight feet high which provided ample protection for my crouched body, so long as the horses didn't wheel and start backwards out of the trap. My camera was snug against the right hand side of the rock, far enough forward to record a full view of the action. A smaller boulder, about three feet high, was rolled in close to the right of the camera. This was to protect it against side swipes.

When the first few horses had passed, a cloud of dust stirred up by the thundering herd quickly enveloped the scene. Then only indistinct, grotesque forms flashed past and over the camera, as the confused horses stumbled on the smaller boulder. On they came, unable to stop, blinded by dust, feeling their way by pressure of body against body.

Towards the end of the herd, young colts, unaware of the man-made trap ahead, were squeezed into the opening between the large and small boulders, right over the camera. Hooves whizzed past as I ventured to poke my head out to check the camera. Just then a sharp crack overhead tilted the camera backwards till it was shooting almost straight up. One colt's hoof struck the top of the magazine. I let it be, to get a belly view of the other horses as their bodies swept on and over.

To the deafening accompaniment of pounding hooves, fast action was crowded into fleeting seconds.

THE scene was in the bag. As the dust cleared, I raised up to look toward the horses, and saw the cowboys close the gate of the corral trap.

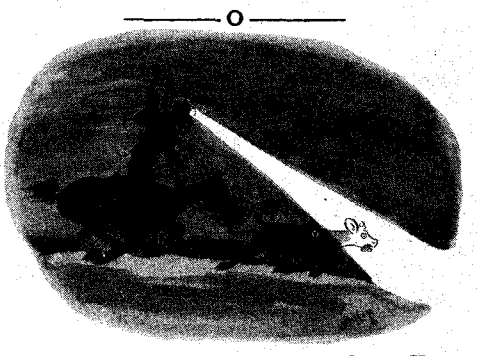
Inside the stout seven-foot fence, a milling mass of sweating horseflesh could barely be seen through the narrow spaces between the heavy poles. We swung cameras around, with telephoto lenses in place, picking up spectacular shots. We photographed powerful stallions climbing the almost perpendicular walls of the dead-end of the canyon, only to fall back 30 or 40 feet into captivity with their mares and colts.

It was not until all our film was developed and put together that we could tell whether we had really captured a wild horse roundup, with all its fury and excitement. We had no love interest, no intrigue, no mystery for our story. Our lead characters were Frank Robbins, one of the West's most successful mustangers, Roy Lamoureaux, a self-made and daring pilot—and wild horses, among the last of their kind. They worked without a script, on a location that was an eroded, high altitude mesa astride the Continental Divide in the Red Desert of south-central Wyoming.

I have photographed "people and places" in the far corners of the world. But not even on the battlefield have I seen more valiant warriors than the magnificent wild stallions, fighting among themselves for the supremacy of their herds and then, at the last, fighting a losing battle to maintain their freedom.

Most of the wild horses are gone, now, leaving the range to cattle and sheep. But before it was too late, we captured a saga of the Old West. Our cameras recorded, in their last hideout, the wonderful wild horses that once roamed in freedom over the open ranges of the West.

—O—



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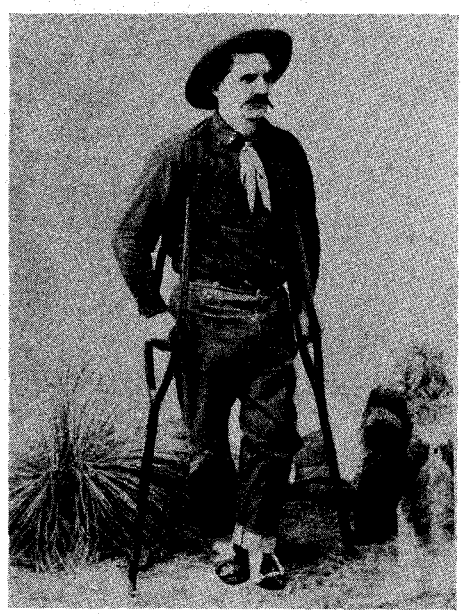
The Apache Kid — Arizona Terror

(*Continued from page* 21)

border. And it wasn't difficult to put rawhide "cups" on the hoofs of a horse to make it look as though an Apache shod pony had been along.

But one fact has been established beyond any doubt: the Kid was certain death to any young Apache squaw who took his fancy. Only one of the many he kidnapped ever came back alive and she only because the Kid thought he was dying of pneumonia. He told her she had been good to him, trustworthy enough to stand guard while he slept, and to return to her people on the reservation. The others who became tired, sick, or pregnant, he left for the wolves, their throats cut.



Al Sieber, famed scout and Deputy U.S. Marshal, who persuaded the Kid to surrender and stand trial. Freed at first, the Kid was re-arrested and convicted of murder.

Needless to say, many Indians at the San Carlos Reservation lived in as much terror of him as the whites. At a time when hundreds of soldiers were burning up the seats of McClellan saddles following his will-o'-the-wisp trail, he was on the reservation under the very eyes of the troops stationed there; hidden and fed and furnished scout ammunition by those who feared him as well as those who admired him. To these latter he was more than the outlawed Apache Kid—he was San Juan and Mangus Colorados and Victorio and Cochise and Geronimo all in one, carrying on alone a fight against the whites those others had lost through "white eyes" treachery, murder, and surrender. As such he was supplied with more than the necessities of life. He knew exactly from Indian police and scouts about the soldiers who hunted him, and where they were. When one of the bands of Apaches was moved several hundred miles away to stop the leak of information to him, it only served to increase the help from the others.

By this time there was a five-thousand-dollar reward to any man who would bring in his head in a gunnysack, but few men, Apache or white eyes, were eager to collect. Only one white man tried, persuading an exceptionally brave, and perhaps greedy warrior, to lead him to the Kid's temporary hiding place not far from the reservation. But Al Sieber, as tough a fighting man as ever was born in Germany, found about it and looked up the would-be bounty hunter.

"Put it this way," Al said casually: "If this buck here says he knows where the Kid is, then you can bet he does, because I've never known him to speak with a forked tongue. But just in case the two of you *don't* get killed first trying to collect that reward, then what? What did the Kid ever do to you? You want his blood on your hands just because of money? Is that why you want to bring in a head in a sack? Think it over, Mister."

The man thought it over and there the matter promptly ended.

Sieber had, of course, long since sent word to the Kid many times to let him, Sieber, collect the reward, and that they'd use the five thousand to try and free him of all charges. But though the young outlaw trusted the scout implicitly, the Apache Kid had faced white eyes justice once and was taking no second chance. For three more years he alone was as much of a terror in the minds of the people as Geronimo and his whole band of thirty-eight bronco Apaches had been years before, while the Kid himself flitted back and forth between the San Carlos Reservation and the wild fastness of the great Sierra Madre—the Mother Mountain—range in old Mexico. The murders, the raping of squaws, the abductions of young girls continued.

IN the fall of 1892, in Reno Pass, the Kid waylaid and shot to death a young cow-puncher named Horace Philley and then, riding the dead man's horse, headed for the reservation to take in a big Indian celebration. Meanwhile, of course, the Adjutant in the office of the commanding General in San Francisco would have to send in still another report by telegraph, to be added to quite a stack of others in the files of the War Department in Washington.

As for the Kid, he took part in the celebration. This time, however, the soldiers were waiting for him, after having been tipped off, and a flying squad descended upon the dance ground and quickly surrounded it. One by one, each Indian was paraded before the sharp eyes of the officer in charge. The Kid, mingling as one of the scouts, all of whom knew him, walked by, flashed a scout's tag and soon slipped away into the night.

By this time, he knew that the reservation was no longer a safe haven, that his only hope to stay alive was to head for and remain in Mexico. He disappeared for the next two years, during which time he was shot dead several different times by several different men in several different places. Strangely enough, however, none of these men who killed him ever bothered to bring in his head in a sack to collect the huge reward still out for him dead *or* alive. The Indians, of course, refused to believe him dead and so greatly did his very name incite terror that on one occasion, when he was rumored back on the reservation, three Indians hauling supplies by ox-team abandoned every-

(*Continued on following page*)

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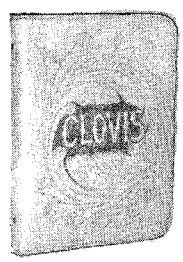

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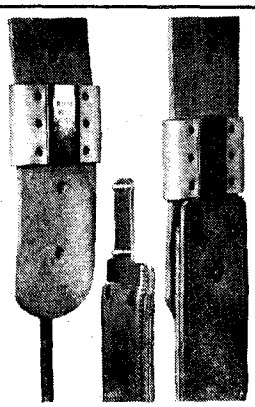

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The Apache Kid — Arizona Terror

(*Continued from preceding page*)

thing and bolted in panic. One, the teamster, ran fifty miles afoot back to the base of supplies. The second cut across country to sanctuary at Fort Apache. The third, an armed policeman guard, fled to the agency sawmill and protection among a detachment of troops. The Kid was in Mexico.

In 1893, gold was discovered in the Santa Catalina Mountains a few miles north of Tucson and, by 1894, quite a rush was on. Among the prospectors was a man named Ed Clark, a former Indian scout, whose partner, Bill Diehl, the Kid had murdered in 1889, four years before. One night Clark's pet saddle horse was stolen but showed up next morning with broken reins dangling. Clark's keen, experienced eyes studied the two pairs of moccasin tracks and Clark thought swiftly. With the exception of a few unruly bucks getting drunk on *tiswin* and going on a typical murderous Apache rampage, there were no renegades out stealing horses this far from San Carlos. Who then? *The Kid, of course!*

Clark staked out the horse in the same place, settled down with his rifle, and waited for the moon and midnight. Both were not long in coming. He saw the first faint movement materialize into a human form creeping forward, grinned to himself, and waited. This was old stuff . . . an Apache sending in his woman ahead to draw possible fire. Presently, after the woman had reached the nervous horse, the Kid himself moved into view.

Clark shot the woman first and killed her stone dead, and by the time he had levered another shell into the firing chamber, the Kid had spun like a cat and was running faster. The rifle roared a second time, and though the Kid staggered and almost fell, he kept on going. Clark, too wise to follow a wounded tiger into the brush, waited until daylight.

The abducted woman lay as she had fallen, face down, mercifully having been spared the probable later fate of having her throat slit. The Kid's trail of blood ended a few hundred yards away, where a gory head cloth, used to staunch the flow of blood from Clark's bullet, lay on the ground. From that point on not a sign of a track could be found. The Kid had vanished. He couldn't possibly survive such a wound and undoubtedly was really dead now. The word quickly spread and Apache and white eyes alike at last breathed a final sigh of relief.

The Apache Kid, terror of the territory, was dead for sure!

THE rest is more or less anticlimax. Rumors that the Apache Kid was still very much alive and ranching in Mexico were the same rumors following the sudden demise of other badmen before him: Jesse James was still very much alive and living in New Mexico. Billy the Kid, killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett, had been seen by friends in Phoenix. Outlaw Curly Bill, killed by Wyatt Earp near Tombstone, was married to the daughter of a rich *Ranchero* down in Chihuahua. And the notorious Apache Kid was an industrious mountain rancher.

Some believed the rumors, others refused to believe. The years passed and then came a time when a certain man in Arizona opened his lips after years of remaining silent about the Indian outlaw. This was the same man into whose camp the Kid had descended and denied all the murders charged to him.

Several years before, he said, a man riding from the law in Mexico stopped off at his place and left a message. The message was from his friend, the Apache Kid He sent his thanks for past favors and wanted his friend to know that he was still very much alive down there, happy and contented with his small mountain ranch, his family, his Mexican and Indian friends. Among them was none other than the famed Colonel Kosterlitzy, head of the deadly *rurale* police in the states of Sonora and Chihuahua

If the Apache Kid, born in 1869, is alive today, then somewhere down there in the mountain country is a small, dried up, wrinkled old man, 85 years old, living in memories of a turbulent past. It could be.

Quien sabe?

———o———

Man in a Well

(*Continued from page* 17)

The carving and whittling was slow, difficult, arduous work. It required a sharp knife-point to outline and cut holes through the wood. But once Carlin had started, he never retreated.

During the first long day, he inched his way up the well side, carving first a handhold, then a foothold, then a crevice into which he could thrust the ends of his seat board and take some of his weight off his injured foot. At the day's end, when it grew too dark to work further without danger of falling or losing his knife, he fashioned a little better seat upon which to spend his second night. His strong and calloused hands were now blistered and bleeding. His throat was parched. His stomach cried out for nourishment. But he was 50 feet higher!

Throughout the night, the settler catnapped uneasily on his narrow ledge, getting what sleep and rest he could. His team had, meanwhile, been taken up by a neighboring homesteader and placed in a pasture. This good, but unimaginative, citizen had thereby complied with the technicalities of the law of that year (1895). He had notified the proper authorities of the stray stock, after impounding them in pasture. But with the impounding of Carlin's team he had, alas, also impounded the last possibility of discovery of Carlin in the well.

Carlin, of course, could know nothing of this as he huddled in the well, sleepless in his pain, hoping desperately that whoever found his team would start a search. He was cold and miserable and his feet now pained him intensely. The necessity for climbing mostly on his uninjured foot had now made that member almost as painful as the other.

THE second morning brought grave doubts to Carlin. Looking upward, he could now see how grossly he had underestimated the well's depth. He concluded that he might be in one of the giant 200-300 foot wells, since the distance he had progressed upward seemed so small relative to the great

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expanse still stretching above. The thought depressed him. For an hour or more he wasted valuable time calling for help. Only the echo of his lone voice answered, causing his stout spirit at this time to almost fail. But the recollection of his wife and his small son awaiting him at home spurred him on. With a fervent appeal to his Maker, whom he had almost begun to doubt, he resumed his toil.

Using sand from the well's side as a whetstone and with his own spittle, he brought the blades of his knife to fine points and sharp edges. Once again he attacked the tough casing.

Patiently, he carved out handhold after handhold and foothold after foothold in the hard wood. Then, clinging against the well's side, he would carve still another handhold with which to drag himself up higher.

The hard clay in the uncurbed areas presented an even greater danger than the wood casing. The footholes in the clay must be deep; and to be safe, the handholds must be turned down at an angle to provide a solid hold for the one hand, while the other carved out the next hole.

By late afternoon of the second day, Carlin had reached a point less than thirty feet from the top. He was nearing exhaustion, and only his hardy pioneer constitution kept him from fainting and falling back into the well. And at this point, he met the greatest hindrance that he had encountered.

Above his head was a curbing, round and approximately 4 feet in height and perfectly smooth on the inside. Around its sides the walls had been eroded by rains at the earth's surface until the curbing hung suspended by a single peg in the side of the well. It dangled so insecurely above his head that he knew that even to touch it, might mean crashing it down on him, carrying him with it to the bottom. Carlin realized that to attempt to go up through it would be madness.

He had been cutting through a similar earth strata less than 20 feet below and was impressed with the adhesive quality of the tough clay that had sustained his weight when he had mounted the sheer earth wall. Since he couldn't go up through the casing, he decided that he must carve his way up around it in the clay walls.

No doubt his mental and physical condition at this time conditioned him for the bold course of action he was to take. Audaciously, he cut a ramp around the well's sides, avoiding the suspended curbing entirely! It was a most hazardous experiment and called for great ingenuity in by-passing the lone peg holding the curbing. Once this hazard was overcome and he had reached the remaining 10-foot curbing above, it was relatively short work to hack out the remaining handholds and footholds to the top, grasp the tough sunflowers that grew deep-rooted at the well's edge and pull himself free of the trap.

CARLIN lay on the surface of the earth, exhausted. He knew that his escape had been little short of miraculous. When he had rested, he kneeled and thanked God for sparing his life.

Cutting a large sunflower stalk to use as a crutch, Carlin hobbled to the nearby deserted sod shanty, where he pulled off enough loose wood to cover the abandoned well. In the dusk of the evening he set off toward a neighboring settler's sod shanty. The following daybreak, after a night of hobbling and crawling, he appeared at the soddy of Charles Francis, where he was taken in, fed and cared for by friendly and sympathetic hands—just two days and three nights after his plunge into the abandoned well.

Carlin's story became widely known among the settlers of the entire central Nebraska area and was largely responsible for legislation that brought about the covering and filling of the many abandoned wells in the region. Many settlers who were to stick it out through the drought years of the 1890's profited from this legislation, which enabled them to earn a few dollars filling up the old wells when money was as scarce as the grasshoppers were plentiful.

Truly, as Frank Carlin once said after his terrible experience, "God works in mysterious ways."

———O———

Naked Man's Race Against Death

(*Continued from page* 13)

raised his rifle and killed an Indian with one shot. Immediately, the enraged Blackfeet filled his body with arrows. Potts died smiling. He had avoided torture by tricking the Indians into killing him.

NOW the family of the dead Indian demanded revenge. Only by brute force were they prevented from slaughtering John Colter on the spot.

The chief ordered Colter to be stripped of his clothes 'till he was stark naked.

Colter said not a word, while the Indians debated on the issue of how to kill the white man.

Should they use him for target practice?

"Can you run fast?" the chief suddenly asked Colter in the Blackfeet language.

Without hesitating, Colter replied promptly, with the innocent manner of one too befogged to think of lying, "Wish I *could* run fast!"

The chief spoke a few words to the Indians. A fierce yell of approval was their reaction to his suggestion.

The chief took Colter and led him away from the crowd of would-be executioners. A wild hope strengthened Colter's resolution. He knew enough about Indian customs to guess what was coming next. They were going to let him run a race with his life as the prize.

Six miles forward across a rough plain lay the wooded entrance to Jefferson's Fork, where the Jefferson River emptied into the Missouri. Not far from the shore there was an island, and near that island Colter knew where there was a place to hide!

"If only I can beat these red devils in a foot race to that wood!" thought Colter.

Could a naked, unarmed white man outrun and outwit 600 armed Indians across six miles of open country with large areas of rough ground covered with prickly pears? How much of a handicap would they give him? On that his life would depend. The Blackfeet

(*Continued on following page*)

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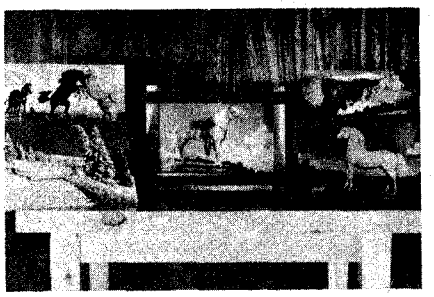

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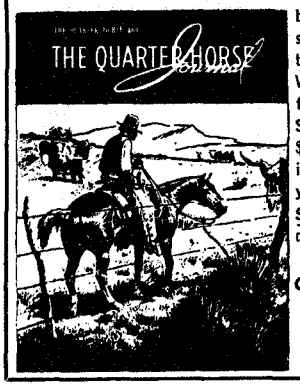

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Naked Man's Race Against Death

(*Continued from preceding page*)

were swift runners with surprising powers of endurance.

One hundred, 200, 300, 400, 500 yards ahead of the stationary mob, the chief led Colter. He pointed grimly to the open plain.

"Run, white man. Save your life—if you can!"

COLTER needed no second urging. He started off at full speed. Behind him the mob of Indians let out such shrieks as made him think that hell had disgorged some of its worst devils to run him to death.

The thorns of the prickly pears on the ground entered Colter's feet in such quantities that his soles quickly felt as if they had caught on fire. He never hesitated. He felt in no mood to pamper his feet. He ran 'till it seemed to him as if the blood pounding in his head would explode.

Halfway across the plain, Colter looked back as he ran. The mob of pursuers were far behind him stretched out over the plain.

But one powerful Indian was catching up. The red man ran easily, gracefully, confidently, a spear swinging menacingly in his right hand. He was now only 200 yards behind Colter, with three miles still to go.

Colter kept up the terrific pace for another mile, before looking back once more. The mob had dropped still further back, but his closest pursuer was now only 100 yards away.

Colter would not let himself slow down. Something had to let go and something did. The pounding blood began gushing out of his nose, down his face, down his chest, down his body to the ground.

With only one more mile to go, with the woods already in sight, Colter heard the pounding footsteps of his nemesis gaining on him. He threw a hurried glance behind him. The Indian was only twenty yards away, gaining rapidly. Now the big warrior held the spear even with his shoulder, ready to pierce his victim. The mob was far behind.

"Now or never!" Colter thought.

The white man stopped suddenly, and whirled to face his foe.

The unexpected stop and the savage appearance of the naked Colter, covered from the face down with his own blood, startled the Indian. He tried to stop as suddenly as Colter, lost his balance and fell flat on his face.

Colter leaped on the Indian's spear. Stepping on the middle of the shaft, he grabbed the spear just behind the head, lifted, strained, and broke it in two pieces.

Before the frightened Indian could recover, Colter had savagely jammed the spear head into his enemy's throat.

LEAVING the dying Indian pinned to to the ground, Colter turned, still bleeding from the nose as he gasped for air, to run his last mile.

Behind him he heard the Indians stop for a few moments to swear vengeance over their comrade's body. Then the raging mass took up the pursuit with a fiercer eagerness than before.

Colter was at the very edge of the woods, now through them and at the water's edge. He dived into the cool water and swam for the island in the river. When he heard shrieks of the Indians approaching shore, he took a deep breath and swam under water.

Although his lungs seemed about to burst for lack of air, the iron-willed trapper did not come up 'till he had reached his goal.

Colter's goal had been a big raft made of tree trunks and drift timber several feet thick. Somehow he managed to find an opening in the bottom of the raft. He climbed up out of sight in the tree trunks under the raft and held his head so that it would be above water.

Now at last, Colter could rest and breathe easily. He could hear the Indians along the shores, in the water, and finally up and down the very raft in which he was hiding.

Colter had only one worry left. Suppose the Indians were to set the raft on fire!

Fortunately, they were not as alert as Colter's fears. In time, they seemed to tire of searching for the white man. Colter heard spashes in the water. Suddenly there were no more footsteps on the raft, there were no more frustrated howls heard near the river.

NIGHT came. Colter finally decided to take a chance and come quietly out of his hiding place.

He breathed a deep sigh of relief. It was good to know there were no Indians around him.

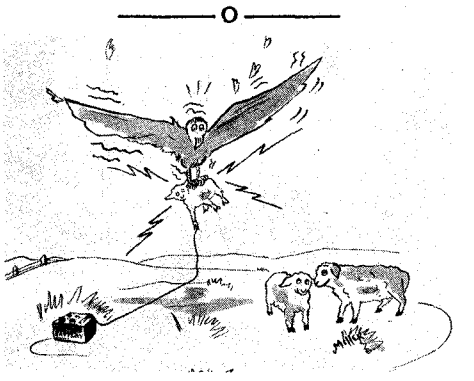
For nearly two hours, the trapper swam cautiously down the river before coming out of the water. He traveled all night and lay hidden all day, pulling thorns out of the soles of his feet and taking inventory of his situation.

Fort Manuel, trading post of the famous Spanish trader, Manuel Lisa, was seven days travel away. Could a white man, completely naked under the broiling sun, travel barefooted over rocky and thorny country for seven days? Could he at the same time travel weaponless for seven days through hostile Indian country? Without weapons to kill wild game, could a white man endure hunger for seven days?

Colter answered those three questions in his mind by arriving at Fort Manuel seven days later. His iron will had kept his bleeding feet moving against the clamor of all pain. He had traveled by day only in areas where he was sure of not being seen. At other times he traveled by night. He had survived his hunger by eating the roots of certain plants which he had seen Indians eat, in times of meat shortage.

At the fort, Colter loafed and "invited his soul." He had won a naked man's race against death and was now thoroughly enjoying his prize.

—O—



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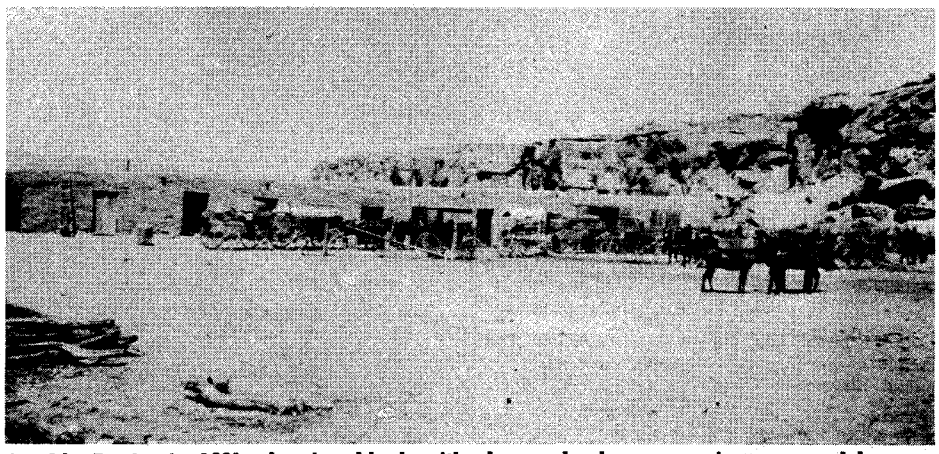
Asthan Dat Sah Ie—The Dead Woman

(*Continued from page* 12)



Pueblo Bonito in 1901, showing blacksmith shop, school-room, grain room and harness room, Indian horses and riders at store.

must help me. My mother has found out how I feel toward Slender Pine."

"Who told her?" I asked.

"I don't know. I am sure it was not Younger Sister."

I was not so sure. I had seen Younger Sister's expression as she danced with Slender Pine.

"The Marriage Arranger has already promised me to Old Badger, and when my mother heard about this other one she sent for Old Badger, and he brought the betrothal gift. Half a buckskin, it was!"

This was no mean gift. A buckskin has many uses and is highly valued.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I threw it at him!"

Certainly love had worked an amazing transformation in a gentle little girl.

She went on: "My mother could not believe what I had done, and so terrible was her rage that I was scared. So, at last, at her command, I picked up the buckskin." Her eyes filled with tears. We both knew that in accepting Old Badger's gift, she had accepted Old Badger.

"And Younger Sister," she continued, lips quivering, "hid in the brush and laughed, and when he had gone she made herself into a picture of Old Badger—all puffed up, so!"

It seemed that when Slender Pine came to the mesa the next morning and heard the story he rode at once to his father on The Mountain. The father proved understanding and offered to provide the required fourteen horses.

But the Marriage Arranger only laughed when he was approached. He knew that Old Badger could outbid anyone else. However, he saw a chance to make a little extra on the side, so he warned Old Badger of the new bidder. Now Old Badger desired Pretty One more than ever, and raised his offer to fourteen cows, and for the Marriage Arranger there would be three fine geldings. The situation looked bad. Slender Pine tried to persuade Pretty One to run away, but as she said, "Where could we go? We have no land, no horses, no silver. It would be against all the laws of the tribe, and we would only be found and brought back. Slender Pine would be punished and I would be sold to Old Badger. My mother would get fourteen horses instead of fourteen cows and would take it out on me. Little Friend, what shall we do? You must tell us."

I thought it all over for quite a while, and then hit on a possible solution. Though a Navajo girl has no rights whatsoever in the selection of a husband, she has one right which can not be taken from her. She can refuse marriage. It is a step seldom resorted to, as it amounts to taking the veil. She loses all privileges in the clan, and is little better than a slave. "Go to your mother," I told Pretty One, "and declare that unless you can wed Slender Pine, you will publicly announce that you are refusing marriage. You will see, if you stand firm, that your mother will realize that the fourteen horses of Slender Pine's father, even if they are old and skinny, are better than no horses at all."

"But they are *good* horses, Little Friend," said loyal Pretty One, "and I promise you, I will stand firm."

THERE must have been a lively row in Yellow Bird Canyon that night. In fact, I heard it lasted almost a week. The Medicine Man was called in to reinforce the angry but helpless mother. In the end, the two of them had to give in. Slender Pine was accepted as Pretty One's betrothed.

Immediately, preparations for the wedding were started. Slender Pine built a new hogan for his bride a mile away from the hogan of Blanket Weaver. A Navajo must never look at his mother-in-law, a taboo which carries with it a great deal of inconvenience; but in this case, as in many others, it had its good points. When the hogan was finished, Slender Pine led his fourteen horses to the Marriage Arranger, who, the following day, drove them around to the corral of Blanket Weaver. Often the acceptance or rejection of horses took days of argument; but between Slender Pine's fear of losing Pretty One and Blanket Weaver's fear of getting no horses at all, negotiations were speedily concluded.

Only one more ceremony remained before the wedding. In his finest clothes and blankets, bedecked with silver and turquoise jewelry, Slender Pine rode slowly up the canyon, on both sides of which were clustered hogans. This was so that all might see that he went proudly to the home of his betrothed. If, at the last minute, he was to be rejected, Blank-

(*Continued on following page*)

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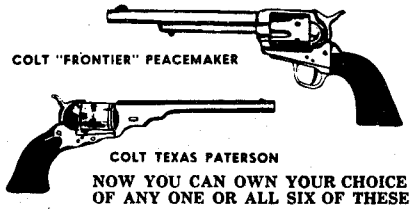

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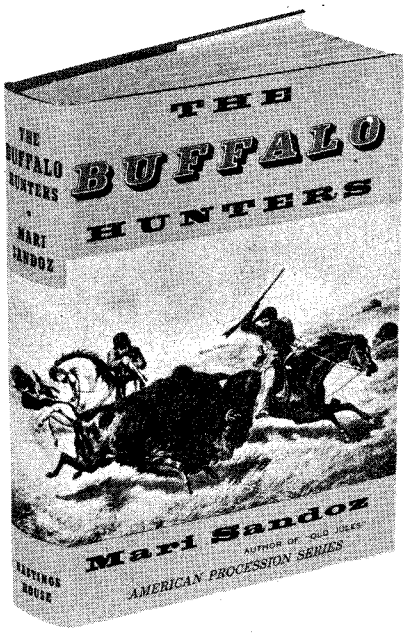

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Asthan Dat Sah Ie— The Dead Woman

(Continued from preceding page)

et Weaver would stand in front of her hogan and look him squarely in the eye, a sign of her refusal to consider him as a son-in-law. Slender Pine's relief was great when he saw no one there and the blanket hanging down over the opening. He was riding past rejoicing that all was well, when a swift figure darted out and stopped in his horse's path. Younger Sister clutched at his bridle. By then, he must have been pretty much annoyed with the child who he never doubted had betrayed her sister; so, without a glance at her upturned face and with a mere twist of his bridle-hand, he rode on.

Now followed a great bustle in Yellow Bird Canyon. In a few hours, the wedding guests would arrive and there was bread to bake in the ashes, sheep to be roasted, and a dozen other things to be done, all at once. Blanket Weaver, seeing Younger Sister standing idle, gazing off down the trail, sent her to the cornfield to gather pollen needed in the wedding ceremony. It was some time before it was noticed that she had not returned from this errand. A couple of the children ran off to search for her.

WE had as a guest at that time, Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, an eminent physician from New York. He was eager to see all he could of Indian life, and we had promised to take him to this wedding. We were just getting ready to go, when we heard the pounding of horses' hoofs outside. In the next instant, a Navajo hurried into the house. "Blanket Weaver says to come—come quick! Younger Sister is dead."

Dr. Prudden snatched his medicine bag. In no time the team was hitched, and we were off at full gallop.

As we drew near to Yellow Bird Canyon, we could hear wailing. Everything there was in the wildest confusion. Stunned Navajos stood around the edge of the cornfield, and Blanket Weaver and Pretty One crouched side-by-side on the ground, their blankets drawn over their heads. One of the men guided us a short distance into the corn field, pointed, turned and ran.

Younger Sister lay among the stalks, just as she had fallen. No one had dared touch her for death is the Awful Unknown, and this one had a special horror. A short time before, Younger Sister had been the pet of the clan; now they all drew off in revulsion. Dr. Prudden bent over her, then looked up.

"She's not dead."

I noticed her ankle. There were five angry spots there, and the leg was beginning to swell.

"She was bitten by a rattler," I said. "She must have stepped on it, for it evidently coiled around her leg."

"I'll try strychnine injections," said the doctor and motioned to some of the Indians to carry her up to her mother's hogan.

They had all vanished! "It's no use, doctor," I told him, "they won't help us. The snake is an underground spirit. No one will come near. We will have to take her ourselves."

For an hour we worked over her, then her eye-lids flickered, ever so slightly. I went out and called to Blanket Weaver.

"She's alive. Perhaps she can be saved."

The mother's countenance reflected a queer mixture of sorrow and fear. "No," she said, "my daughter is dead."

Of course, I should have known that this would be her reaction. Once a soul has entered the Spirit World, there is no return. There was nothing to do but to take the unconscious girl home with us. Dr. Prudden and I held her, while my husband drove. As we lifted her out, my husband remarked to me,

"This is the first time I recall ever hearing of an Indian stepping on a rattler. Do you find it strange?"

"Yes," I replied, "they always seem to sense them far off."

Was it an accident? I wondered. Younger Sister had been deeply in love!

FOR three days we fought for the girl's life. No one came from Yellow Bird Canyon even to inquire about her. Finally, my husband rode over. There he learned that after our departure the grief-stricken Navajos had gone completely berserk. They broke one of their most binding laws. Every inch of the corn field was searched until the rattler was found, and that spot, my husband reported, was mangled and torn as if by plow-shares, so furiously had they beaten the snake to death.

After fury, followed realization. To kill a snake was inviting upon the clan all sorts of unknown plagues and misfortunes. The snake's spirit would return to the earth, and, with the aid of every earth spirit, would seek vengeance.

Pretty One's wedding was postponed indefinitely. Slender Pine's father would not permit his son to marry into a clan over which hung so ominous a cloud. Of course, there would be a Snake Ceremonial in an effort to appease the snake, but no one could tell until spring if it would be successful. So Pretty One wept, not only for her sister, but for her lover.

My husband found Blanket Weaver alone in the hogan.

"I have come to bring you news of your daughter," he said.

Blanket Weaver's face turned gray and she shivered. "My daughter is dead!"

"No, your daughter lives and, in great pain, calls for her mother."

Tears streamed down her face. "Oh, I hear her, I hear her all the time, but she calls from the Home of the Great Spirit!"

It was useless to try to make her understand that Younger Sister was alive and with us. It was like asking someone to embrace a ghost and an evil one at that. Blanket Weaver would have given her life for this child, but she would not come to see the pitiful creature we sheltered.

I did not know that anyone could go through such suffering and survive. Younger Sister was swollen to twice her natural size and one knee was drawn up rigid to her chin. She screamed until she was so hoarse that no sounds came, and I could just see her mouth and throat going through the motions. Dr. Prudden kept her under morphine and when he had to leave, he left a quantity with me, but soon that ran out and I had to appeal to the Medicine Man for sedatives. I don't know what he gave me but, by degrees, Younger Sister recov-

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ered. At the end of three months she was able to hobble a little on a crutch. Her hair had turned white and, from the child-face underneath it, looked out eyes so old and tragic that I did not wonder that Indians who came to the trading-post avoided her.

AT least a dozen times during these three months I had seen, high on the cliffs above us, an Indian woman standing motionless, looking down on our home. We knew it was Blanket Weaver. My husband went up several times to try and bring her in, but before he could get to her, she was gone. At last, I sent for Pretty One. She would come no farther than the horse corral.

"Pretty One, Younger Sister is here. She asks for you and her heart is sick."

The girl trembled. "No, no, Little Friend, I can not go in. You don't understand. I can not." Exasperated, I pulled her along with me. Poor Younger Sister's eyes flashed with joy.

"Pretty One, here is your sister."

Pretty One gave such a violent start of terror that my hold on her arm was broken. "My sister is dead, I have no sister," she gasped, and fled.

That moment must have been as bad as any of her agony for Younger Sister. She had hardly spoken during the weeks of convalescence, so I had no way of guessing her feelings, but she spoke now.

"Oh, Little Friend, why did you bring me back? Nobody wants me. It would have been better if I had stayed dead."

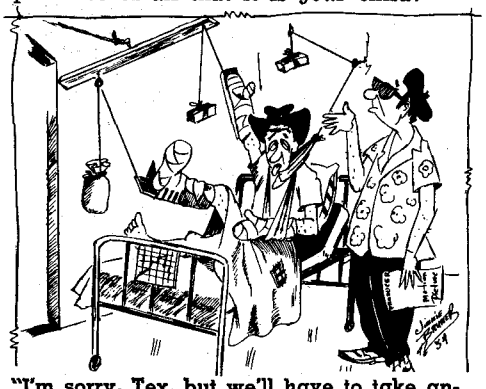
That winter everything seemed to go wrong. My children were sick and one upset followed another. Though Younger Sister was growing stronger day by day, I knew that it was impossible for me to give her the time and care she needed. In the early spring, I went to the hogan in Yellow Bird Canyon.

"Blanket Weaver," I said, "I have more children in my home than I can take care of. One of them is a poor little girl with white hair and a crippled leg. I believe that if she were somewhere where she could ride a horse every day she would improve. I want to ask you to care for this child for me."

Blanket Weaver did not answer at once. She stood very still and expressionless while she pondered the matter from this new angle. At last she said, "You want me to care for *your* child?"

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"If I were to care for *your* child I would wish everyone to know it was *your* child and why I take it. I would wish also that the spirits be told. Will you make a ceremony and tell in the presence of all that it is *your* child?"



"I'm sorry, Tex, but we'll have to take another close-up of the bronc stomping you. Then we can use your double for the part of the hero."

Again, I agreed. There was nothing else to do. The requested announcements were made, and Younger Sister went home. She went silently, and was received silently. They took her in and cared for her physically, but she was treated like a stranger whom they must, through necessity, tolerate.

PRETTY One had not had a very happy winter, either; but as spring came, she began to take heart. There was no scourge of diseases, the corn came up as usual, the sheep did not sicken, and strangely enough, there were no snakes seen that spring. The Snake Ceremonial had accomplished its purpose; the curse was lifted. So one May morning, Slender Pine's fourteen horses were again led into Blanket Weaver's corral and the interrupted ceremonies of the previous year were concluded. Early in the day, with painful effort, Younger Sister had struggled up the path onto the mesa, presumably to herd her mother's sheep. She never returned to the hogan in Yellow Bird Canyon.

It was several days before I got word of her whereabouts. She had gone to Cats' Mother, the same old squaw who, in the days of her young gaiety, she had so often mocked. It was there I found her and begged her to return with me.

"Why did you come here, of all places?" I asked.

"All the animals take refuge with Cats' Mother," she answered. "Since I am no longer a person, it may be that I am an animal."

My pleadings fell on deaf ears.

It looked as if she would spend the rest of a wretched existence with her fellow outcast, but I was mistaken. I had not counted on the medicine men. They remembered their promising pupil and now that she had returned from the dead, she had unusual prestige. They taught her all they could and, in a few years, she had built up a great reputation, and the trail to Cats' Mother's hogan was worn smooth with moccasined feet. She made no mistakes, she had no failures, and she placed a proportionate price on her services. At last, she had even achieved a name of her own. She was known throughout Navajoland as ASTHAN-DAT-SAH-IE, THE DEAD WOMAN.

Years later I went up to see her again. I found her outside the hogan, leaning on a greasewood stick to ease her withered leg. She pointed down the trail, up which a great flock of sheep was being herded. "They are all mine," she intoned. "I have done well, done well!" Her turquoise and silver necklace contrasted with her brown, wrinkled skin, her black eyes, her dead white hair. White hair is unusual on an Indian and is striking.

"You have certainly prospered, Asthan-Dat-Sah-Ie," I agreed, "but you are alone and have little use for your wealth. Do you know that your sister, Pretty One, has many children and Slender Pine has little to give to so many? They are happy in that hogan, but sometimes they are hungry. Could you not help your sister?"

For one fleeting instant, I had the illusion that I was again looking at Younger Sister, the mocking little clown of her clan. The thin bitter lips had sketched a sardonic grin. Then they stiffened into their usual impassive line.

She said, "I have no sister."

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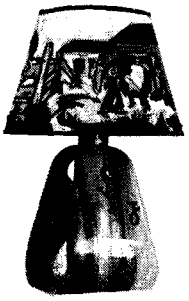

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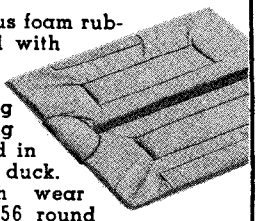

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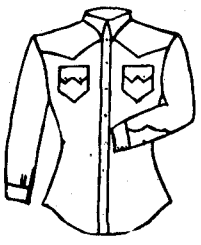

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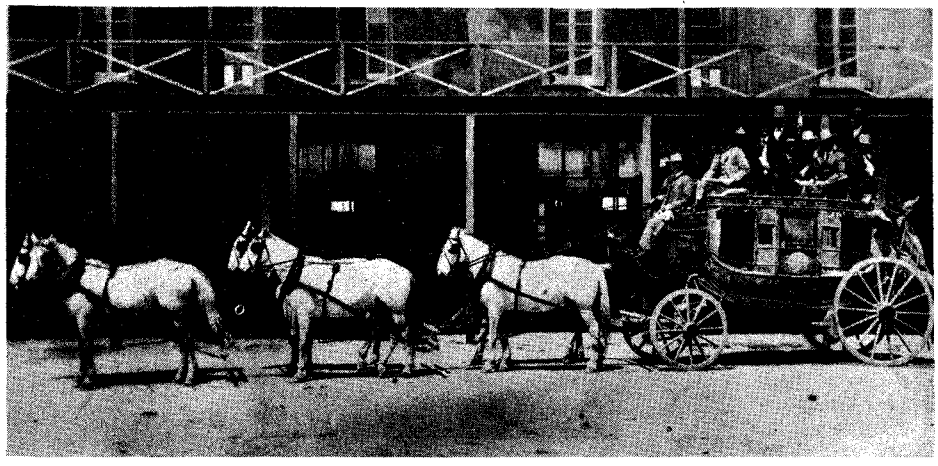
Mystery Driver of the Sierras

(*Continued from page 27*)



Last trip of the old Modoc Stage, Tombstone, Arizona. This is the type stage on which Charlie spent a great part of his life.

Seething with anger, Charlie jumped down from the driver's box. Twenty minutes later the suffering mare was out of danger and the cruelly delayed birth progressing normally toward a successful conclusion. Pankhurst, still boiling with rage at the stock-tender's callous indifference toward his helpless charge, brushed past the man without a word and stalked off to the Station kitchen to wash up for supper.

THE mystery driver's favorite team—six beautifully matched grays—trusted and obeyed Charlie implicitly. Crossing a bridge over a river swollen dangerously by spring floods, the grays stopped suddenly and refused to advance another foot. The terrified wheel-horses began to snort and plunge, and the frantic swings and leaders tried desperately to whirl in their traces and dash back to the far shore. Simultaneously the timbers supporting the bridge started to crack and snap and the entire structure sagged alarmingly. With a shattering roar one whole section, twenty feet behind the coach, fell crashing into the gorge.

Women passengers screamed in terror, and two Chinese, making the trip over the Sierras for the first time, cut loose with bloodcurdling yells. The situation was ripe for catastrophe.

Charlie whipped out a revolver and instantly silenced the idiotic uproar with a shot fired in the air. "Shut up, you fools!" sternly ordered the youthful driver. "If my horses can hear me talk to them, they'll pull us out of this mess. But you *must* keep quiet, so they *can* hear!"

Coolly, while the panicky team struggled to hurl them all to their death in the rocky gorge sixty feet below, Pankhurst fought to control the horses with voice alone.

Incredibly, Charlie succeeded. Soothed and steadied by the familiar well-loved voice behind them, the grays forgot their panic and bravely scrambled up the slanting floor planks to the near shore a scant second before the bridge collapsed into the river.

Safely on solid ground, Charlie was promptly confronted with another crisis. Two passengers fainted; a young girl and a husky miner. Exasperated, driver Pankhurst doused a canteen-full of water over their heads. The passengers woke up spluttering, and the coach proceeded on its way.

After a dozen years of stagecoaching with the Mountain Division of the Great Overland, Charlie Pankhurst abruptly quit driving and drifted into itinerant ranch work in Southern California. Silent and mysteriously aloof as ever, the ex-Sierra Whip made few friends among humans and wandered for years, a strange and lonely figure, from ranch to ranch wherever there were odd tasks to be performed and sick horses to be lovingly cared for. It mattered not at all to Charlie whether payment in money for professional services was forthcoming; all that concerned the slim ex-driver was that suffering horses were relieved of pain. *Vaqueros* on the great *ranchos* respectfully named the lone wanderer *El Sabio,* and willingly rode fifty miles to summon The Wise One's aid for an ailing, beloved mount.

IN late December of 1879, two cowboys riding range made a staggering discovery at a line-camp miles from their ranch-house: the body of a slender, gray-haired woman huddled half-clothed in a bunk. Through papers contained in a wallet pinned in a shirt pocket, the astonished cowhands learned that the woman—dead of natural causes—was "Charlie" Pankhurst.

So much and nothing more is known of the Mystery Driver of the Sierras. Yet, grizzled *vaqueros* on the back-country *ranchos* profess to know the answer to the strange riddle of *El Sabio,* The Wise One, who loved horses above all else in the world. Indeed to these grave, religious men it is no riddle at all. Is it not well known that the good God, in His infinite mercy, often sends such wise and tender folk to minister to His helpless ones? Of a certainty, *senors!*

———— o ————

SEE PAGE 3!

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From Soda to Hock

(*Continued from page* 23)

he could find and started to buck the roulette wheel. A fellow gambler saw him and said. "That wheel's fixed, Bill. You'd better lay off."

Canada Bill wistfully admitted he knew the wheel was rigged. "But what can I do? It's the only one in town."

And Bill's classic comment succinctly summed the spirit of early Western gamblers and gambling. Men were confident, calm. Superstition guided many, cheating deterred few, and money meant very little.

ONE instance where all three were involved occurred in a Nevada saloon where Jim Lacy, a prosperous mining engineer, was playing against One-Eyed Sullivan, along with others. Now a one-eyed man is considered very bad luck for the others in the game, and the legend seemed correct as Sullivan's stack of checks grew higher. Several times Lacy thought he detected cheating, but it wasn't until midnight he got up from the table and said:

"Gentlemen, this seems to be about the half-way mark. I suggest we recess, eat, then resume the game. But when we come back, we'll get new decks, and see if our luck doesn't change.

"I want to make it clear," Lacy continued as he fingered his guns, "we will all set out to play a straight game. And the first man I catch cheating will get his other eye shot out."

One-Eyed Sullivan seemed to get the significance of the announcement as they skirmished with oysters and champagne, because Lacy eventually broke the one-eyed spell and the gambler.

Draw poker was a prime mover in redistributing wealth until stud was invented. The exact origin is obscure, but the story is credible, and it is part of western lore. (Stud was played in the West long before Easterners knew of it).

The game was draw poker and one of the players (long since forgotten) opened with three kings. Two stayed, and raised. When the opener was down to the cloth, he threw down his hand and rushed outside. In a moment he returned, leading a beautiful stallion which he tied to his chair. Realizing the other two probably had inspected his hand, the opener proposed:

"You know now what I've been betting on, and I've got all my money in the pot. Now here's what's fair: Each man turns three of his cards up, discards two, and then draws two more face down. And I'll bet this here stud-horse on MY chances."

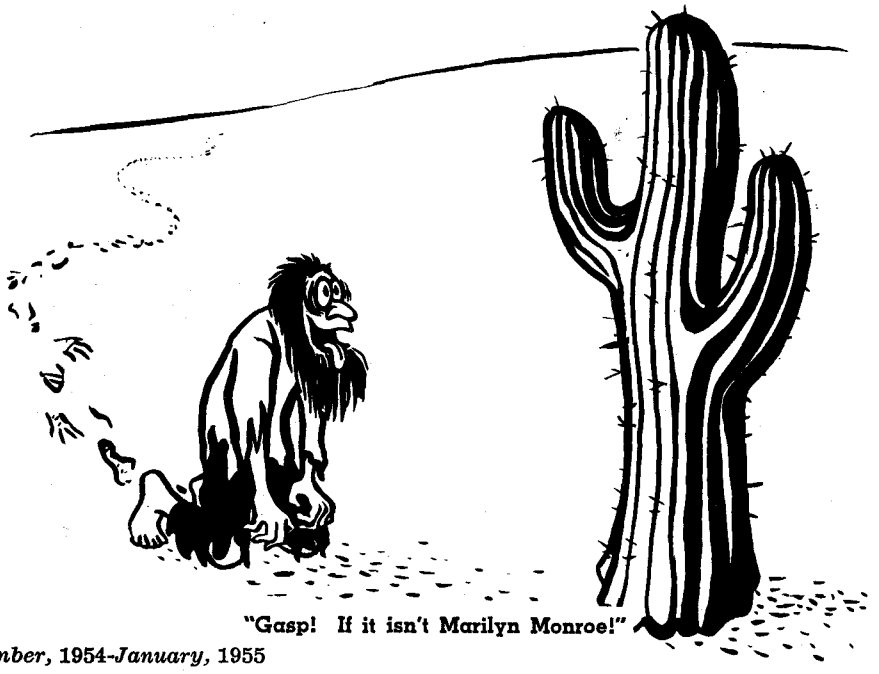
His stud-horse bet stood up, and the game was gradually evolved to its present form . . . one down, four up, with some wilder variations, perpetuating the name of stud . . . or stud-horse poker, the Old Army Game.

BECAUSE of the strong Mexican heritage of Texas, California and Arizona, Three Card Monte relieved thousands of their pokes. (Three Card was played in America as early as 1830 when it appeared in New Orleans from Texas—then a portion of Mexico). Three Card was popular because it could be played anywhere three cards could be thrown, and provided fast action, though the bettor's chances were slightly less than zero when faced by a sharper. The "thrower" used three cards, (called "tickets") usually two aces and a queen. Exposing the queen, the dealer made a few passes and then threw the cards face down, urging gamblers to pick the queen. Honestly conducted, Three Card would have been a fair shake (much like short faro) if odds offered were 2 to 1. But throwers never offered more than even money, and moreover had no intention of paying anything at all.

Curiously, Three Card's pernicious reputation for brazen theft hasn't knocked a soft mark yet. When California auto license fees were due a few months ago, a trio of sharpers worked the long lines of motorists waiting to pay their taxes. When the law put the arm on the gamblers, numerous motorists admitted they'd have to go home for more money now. Officers stated the thrower was one of the slickest they'd seen in years.

And the dodge is exactly the same as when the first card was thrown. The

(*Continued from page* 19)



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From Soda to Hock

(*Continued from preceding page*)

dealer used one to five cappers to work up interest in the game and rope victims. One confederate would begin an argument with the dealer, surreptitiously marking the key card by turning a corner, or scratching. The intended victim was shown the dodge, and with a little larceny in his heart was ready to take the dealer on the sure thing. The dealer would let him win at first, then simply erase the card marking when the sucker chunked in his roll.

MONTE throwers worked the river boats and railroads unmercifully for years. Several were waiting for the west-bound Central Pacific when it paused at Battle Mountain, Nevada, to take on water and wood in May, 1875.

Hans, complete with checkered suit, yellow shoes, and straw hat, stepped off for a breath of air, and into the arms of a capper. One went through the motions of the argument, the marked card, then handed Hans a $20 gold piece asking him to get revenge on the dealer. Hans reluctantly agreed after the capper pointed out they could break the dealer.

The Dutchman bet $20 and picked the queen as the dealer had planned. But instead of betting his roll, Hans then picked up the $40 and walked away The sharpers grabbed him, insisting he play and make a fortune.

Hans calmly pulled out an enormous Dragoon pistol. Cocking it noisily, Hans said:

"I win the money, and you speak mit me anymore I fill you so full of holes your insides will get sunburned. I am old Californian, and know all your tam tricks. You make fools mit yourself."

The sharpers realized they'd been had, and sadly watched Hans ride away as the train pulled out for Winnemucca.

———o———

Wild Bill Longley

(*Continued from page* 25)

"Have your gun ready next time we meet," challenged the beaten Thomas. "'Cause I sure aim to get you!"

Longley let Thomas get on his horse. "What's wrong with right now?" he shouted.

Longley's bullet hit the unarmed Thomas in the back before he could finish his gasp of disbelief.

Bill left the country fast. He rode hard, stopping finally at a Mexican ranch on the Medina River, 18 miles west of San Antonio. His stay there was terminated abruptly after he killed two Mexicans who seemed more suspicious of his true identity than he desired. In Frio Canyon, Bandera County, Longley's next stop was at the home of Captain Watkins.

That stay, too, was brief, but for an entirely different reason. He had become acquainted with Bill Scrier, and at Scrier's invitation, moved in with him. Bill thought all was going well, figuring he had found the perfect hideout and deciding to stay indefinitely. Or, at least, until things cooled down for him. He was surprised and then wildly angry, when he found a note on the road leading from Scrier's place to town. Evidently the boy who did errands for Scrier had unknowingly dropped it. It was addressed to the sheriff, informing him of Longley's whereabouts and demanding the reward posted for this knowledge.

When Bill's first burst of anger passed, he shrewdly calculated a method of revenge—a revenge which would fully satisfy his warped sense of humor. He knew Scrier's real name, Lon Sawyer. Sawyer, along with his half-breed companion, Jack Bolt, was wanted for killing Elk Folsom on the Dry Frio. Bill rode into Uvalde to the Justice of Peace's office. It was no trick, getting deputized. No one else wanted to tackle the cruel, cold-blooded Sawyer, no matter how desperately they wanted him brought to justice.

Besides the deputy badge, Bill Longley rode out of Uvalde with a young deputy named Hayes. On January 10, 1876, they rode to Bitter Branch. The two overtook Sawyer driving his wagon a short distance from his house. Longley allowed Sawyer to take one look at him, including a glimpse of the shiny badge, and then fired, hitting Sawyer in the right shoulder. Sawyer, too, fired one shot, which went wild, then dashed into a cedar brake and from there into a grade about 200 yards long. Longley, coldly, calmly, stalked his wounded prey. The duel was between Bill and Lon Sawyer. Young Hayes had been brought along mostly for dramatic effect.

Longley pursued Sawyer, and Sawyer's pack of hounds pursued Longley. Enraged, Longley fired into the snarling pack repeatedly, killing several of them. His own horse was shot out from under him. Longley cornered the wounded Sawyer behind a clump of bushes after a running battle. He fought first with a cap and ball pistol, then rushed back for a rifle which lay in Sawyer's wagon. With it he finished the job.

AFTER accomplishing his revenge on Sawyer, Longley hit the road again. He traveled the Fort Davis and San Antonio road, making brief stops at various places. In Castorville he noticed a wanted poster out for him with a reward of $1250. He moved on, stopping a short while, furtively, at his old home in Evergreen, the place for which he was frequently homesick. The country was getting too hot for him. He moved on.

Changing his name from the Jim Webb he had been using to William Black, he went to Missouri and visited an old acquaintance, Mr. Jack. For the first time in his life, Bill Longley began to regret many of his hasty, rash actions.

"Headwaters of the Rio Grande, Suh!"

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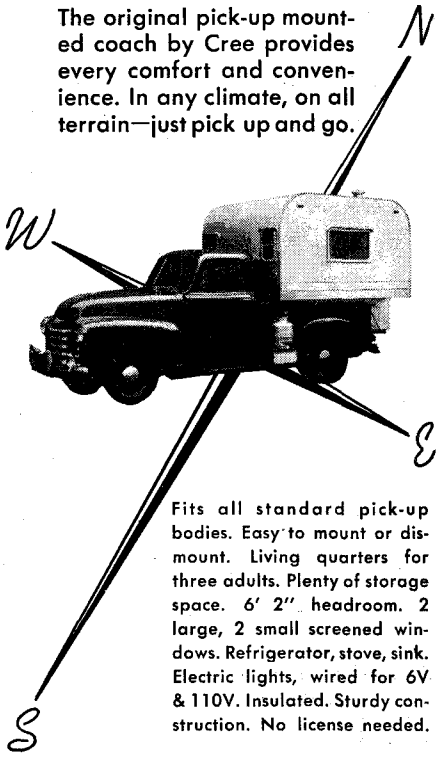

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For the first time in his life Bill fell in love. The girl was Louvenia, sixteen years old, and he succumbed completely to her charms. In order to stay near her, he went to work for a neighbor, W. R. Lay. Longley worked hard and earnestly, attempting to put his past behind him. But trouble, his constant companion, developed. A man named Foster, Preacher Lay's wife's kinfolk, also was courting the girl.

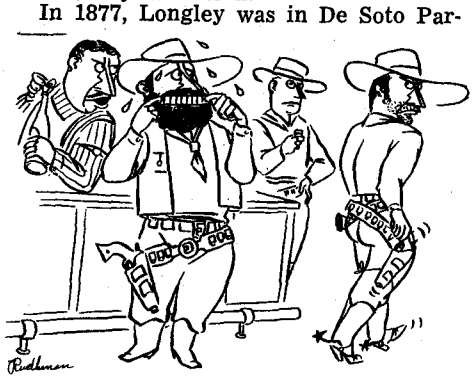
Longley received two anonymous notes telling him to get out of the country. Coupled with the fact that someone had informed Louvenia of his infamous past, they rubbed him entirely the wrong way. He suspected Preacher Lay, himself, of writing the notes. Bill knew what he would have to do, although he reached his decision regretfully because he knew, too, that it would end forever his chances with his beloved Louvenia.

Borrowing Mr. Jack's gun, Longley rode over to Lay's place and killed him. Then he rode on. Back in Lamar County, Texas, he went to work for a man named Lane for $15 a month. He killed another man, Cooper, for attempting to turn him in for the $2000 reward money. Riding into the Indian Territory, he made a horse trade with a Cherokee Indian who later became dissatisfied with the deal because Longley's horse was tired and worn out. Longley decided to kill the Indian, but he failed to see the two squaws, watching from a hillside, until it was too late. They spread the alarm and the Indians pursued Longley clear across the territory. From time to time, Longley got in a shot that went home.

Eventually, Longley had about as much as one man could take. He had ditched clothes and gun to swim a river, and his horse was dead. When he finally reached a spring of clear, cool water, sick and starved, an Indian girl found him. Mary hid and fed him for about a week, and then helped him escape. Longley had become fond of the girl and hated to leave her.

BACK in Texas, Longley was up to his old tricks. He met up with Jim and Dick Saunders, whose brother George was in the Milam County jail. Ever since the affair with Lon Sawyer, Bill found it useful, occasionally, to pose as a deputy. This time, too, it worked, and the trio took George Saunders from the jail leading him handcuffed through town. This was reminiscent of the time two friends turned Longley in to the law, collected the $1,500 reward, then staged a jail break, freed Longley and split the money with him.

In 1877, Longley was in De Soto Parish, Louisiana. There he became a good friend of June Courtney, law man. They often went on foxhunts together, Courtney completely unsuspecting his friend's true identity. But someone in the vicinity knew who Longley was and promptly informed law officers in Texas. Sheriff Captain Milton Mast and Deputy Bill Burrows came after Longley from Nacogdoches. When Longley came in from his field work, hot and tired, he found the law men waiting for him on the porch of the farm house. Unarmed, he did not resist. The date was May 13, supposedly an unlucky Friday.



"I'd shave off that beard, stranger; in these parts people like to know if you're smilin' when you talk!"

The formal charge was for the killing of Wilson Anderson, who had murdered a cousin, Cale Longley. The more accepted version is that trigger-happy Bill shot down Anderson just before moving to Louisiana. But couldn't it have been the same cousin whose death in other stories launched Longley's life of crime? It seems logical.

And again, though versions differ, both ends of the tale come back to meet in its middle.

He was tried and sentenced to hang in Giddings, Lee County, Texas, a few miles from his old home, Evergreen. Taken to Galveston for safekeeping, Longley wrote numerous lengthy letters to the publisher of the Nacogdoches newspaper, giving detailed accounts of his exploits and dwelling almost lovingly on descriptions of his many gun battles.

It was 1878 when Bill Longley was returned to Giddings for execution. Huge crowds converged upon the county seat to witness the most famous hanging in the county's history. Large numbers of Negroes were there, for they well remembered the hate and fear he had always inspired in them and had just cause to rejoice at his death. Absent only were members of Bill's own family.

A HUSH fell upon the crowd when Bill mounted the platform to the scaffold. He stood a moment and surveyed the huge group from the shaky platform. Did he feel a prick of pride, even now, at the amazingly large number of law officers present, guarding him? After a moment he began to speak. His farewell message was long and eloquent. He spoke of his misdeeds and the knowledge that he had no friends left, no one who would forgive him. Then he spoke of his repentance, his belief that God forgave him.

"Good-bye," he said at last in a voice that carried loudly and clearly through the tense, silent crowd. The same priest who had converted Bill Longley in the Galveston jail blessed him, and then the black hood was slipped over his head. The rope was around his neck.

When they cut the body down, three doctors examined it, and two law officers turned the head to show the public that the neck was broken.

They buried Bill Longley just outside the Giddings city cemetery. Someone placed a slab at the head of the grave. That slab now stands in the center of the cemetery which expanded around it. There are those who claim that Bill Longley was not hanged until dead, that with the aid of a special harness his neck was not broken, and that with the ingenuity of friends he escaped, leaving only an empty box to be buried in his stead.

That is the kind of tale which would have been thoroughly enjoyed by Wild Bill Longley.

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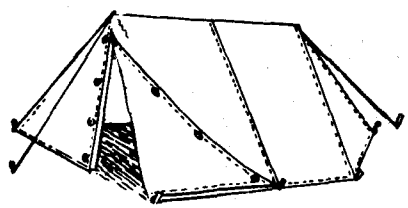

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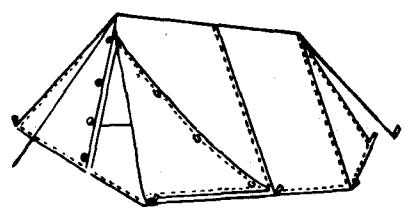

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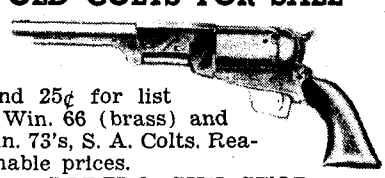

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Captain Jack

(*Continued from page* 16)

Taylor soon ordered an end to such foolishness and put his own plan of attack into operation.

General Worth took a division and moved around the city to cut off any retreat in the direction of Saltillo.

Worth jumped off at six the next morning, the Rangers out ahead. They rounded a hill and found themselves facing Lancers with infantry support. Worth ordered his cavalry to dismount, but the Texans were too far ahead to get the command. Hays ordered them to charge. Riders ploughed into each other and horses went down. They fought with saber, knives, pistols and lances.

It was bloody carnage while it lasted, but then the Mexicans broke, retreating in disorder. Worth had not expected this "easy" victory and reached the Saltillo Road without further contact with the enemy. He was still, however, eight miles from the main Taylor force, with communications cut off and only four days of provisions. The Rangers lessened one of his worries when they made his rear secure by taking a stone mill and turning it into a fort.

The advance on Fort Soldado, atop Federation Hill, began at noon. Hays took his Rangers through a cornfield where they plunged into the waters below the fortification. They were under constant fire but crossed without a casualty. They rested then underneath the very mountain they intended to take.

When they got their breath, they started up the summit, getting within fifty yards of it before they were pinned down. Hays was soon on his feet, waving his men on. They came with a rush, rifles blazing at first, then pistols and finally their terrible Bowie knives flashing. A heavy battery was overrun, and this the Texans turned on the Fort, blasting their way inside. Hays was the second Ranger inside. The U. S. Fifth and Seventh Infantry followed. Fort Soldado yielded quickly.

Independence Hill was the next objective, and the Rangers started moving up before daylight the next morning. Worth's plan was for the Rangers and Regulars to converge on the summit at dawn, but dawn broke with that suddenness peculiar to Monterrey. The Texans were discovered twenty yards from the top. They were having a bad time of it when Hays again led them on. The Mexicans fought fiercely and for a time the Texans wavered. Another Ranger unit, under Sam Walker, moved up and supplied the knockout punch. The Mexicans fled in confusion, some toward Bishop's Palace, others headlong down the hill. The exhausted Texans dropped to the ground, asleep almost as soon as they hit.

THE Bishop's Palace, last fort guarding Monterrey on that side, was next. The Americans made their bid at noon. Hays was on one wing, Sam Walker on the other; in the center was Blanchard's Louisiana Regulars. The strength of the wing positions was not visible to General Arista. Only the Louisiana Regulars were in sight, and Arista moved against their seemingly vulnerable position.

Squadrons of Mexican Lighthorse, with lances bright and flags fluttering, moved ahead of Arista's infantry. The Louisianans slowly withdrew, and then the Lighthorse charged. It was good pageantry but not very sound, because they galloped into range of the Texan rifles. The Texans riddled them with a volley and then charged, followed by five companies of U. S. infantry. The Louisiana Regulars then joined the fray.

Hays now left the Lancers to the American infantry and led his Rangers for the gate to the Bishop's Palace. The gate closed in his face, but it also left the Mexicans outside without a haven.

American artillerymen with a howitzer soon came forward and pounded the gate open. The Texans swarmed through and were quickly joined by the Regulars. The stunned garrison offered practically no resistance.

Monterrey was open for the taking now, but it was going to require some taking. Down the Calle de Monterrey moved the Hays men.

The outskirts yielded quickly, but there soon began a type of fighting not to be seen again until a century later. Every inch of ground was desperately contested for by Mexicans on housetops. Each house had a flat roof, the rock and cement walls extending from two to four feet above the roof, thus making every house a fortress. Impassable ditches and barricades were found at every street corner.

The only way the Texans could advance was through holes they picked with crowbars and sledges. As soon as a hole was battered through a wall, the Mexicans would fire through it at random. Often the Rangers would be in the lower part of a house, while the Mexicans were still in the upper story and on the roof.

Taylor, on the other side of the city, silenced his artillery for fear of killing his own fighting men. The General watched the advance with awe.

The Rangers were at it before dawn the next morning, but orders from Taylor stopped them. Taylor had agreed to the Mexican offer to evacuate the city.

As they had done before, Hays and his boys voiced their protests, but it was futile. The Battle of Monterrey was over. It was a great victory for Taylor.

It was to make him President of the United States.

The Rangers, Hays included, wanted

"Eat up all your bones so you can grow up to be a mean, skulking, cowardly coyote like your father."

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to go home. Taylor was willing; he didn't want an unoccupied force of wild Texans on his hands when there was no fighting to be done.

Before the Rangers left, Worth had Hays march the entire regiment through his quarters in single file so "I can look on their faces and shake every hand."

SUSAN CALVERT was waiting when Jack Hays got home. It didn't take the pair long to reach a definite understanding, and plans were made for the wedding. But there was another hitch in those plans. It was a letter from President James K. Polk, in the form of a personal request for Hays to raise "a regiment of mounted volunteers" and join General Winfield Scott's Army for the march on Mexico City.

There is little evidence as to why Hays didn't marry Susan Calvert before returning to the wars unless he thought there might be a good chance that he would leave her a widow. That seems as good a reason as any.

Anyway, Captain Jack sent out a call for his boys. They were soon in Mier, Mexico, where ships carried them to Vera Cruz. Here they were issued new revolvers, .44 caliber jobs, often called "Whitneyville Walkers."

General James H. Lane quickly put his "eyes" to work, and the advance on Mexico City began. General Santa Anna had already abandoned the capital to General Scott, but Scott's position wasn't tenable. The "Napoleon of the West" had scraped together a new army of 5,000 and was still very much in the war.

First major action for Hays and his scouts came near the town of Atlixco. Charging and breaking through a troop of Lancers, the Texans found themselves confronted by some 1500 Mexicans further down the road. Hays ordered a retreat but halted in the rear of his men and, as the enemy advanced, shot two of them dead. It was a bad situation, but Lane's brigade appeared and joined the Texans in an all-out assault that became a rout. Mexican teamsters cut their mules loose and tried to ride them from the fight.

The Rangers rode on to the town of Perote. Here, Hays shook hands with Sam Walker, the first time they had met since the Battle of Monterrey. Texans from the Walker and Hays units got drunk together that night.

But it was a short celebration. In nearby Puebla, General Scott had left 2,000 Americans, under command of Colonel Childs. Time after time, Santa Anna had stormed the Puebla garrison, only to be driven back, but the assaults had succeeded in softening up the Americans. Unless relief came quickly, the garrison would fall to the general who gave no quarter.

To prevent this relief, Santa Anna decided to make his stand at the mountain pass of El Pinal. He also reinforced his garrison at Humantla, half way between El Pinal and Perote. Texas scouts reported this, and General Lane decided to make a direct attack on Humantla rather than attempt to by-pass it.

Hays and Walker stormed the town with 1800 men, followed by Lane units. Santa Anna poured in reinforcements and fighting was as bitter as any the Texans had encountered. Santa Anna was staking everything here, and here he lost. But it was a costly victory for the Texans; Sam Walker was killed. He was dead when Hays found him, shot through the head and chest.

The road to Puebla was open now, and the Texans rode in. The besieged Americans greeted their deliverers with ringing cheers. Haggard men pressed forward to warmly shake hands with the slightly-built Jack Hays.

One of them recorded his meeting with Hays:

"I shook hands with him and could scarcely realize that this wiry-looking fellow was the world-renowned Texas Ranger. Jack was very modest . . . he was plainly dressed and wore a blue roundabout, black leather cap and black pants, and had nothing about him to denote that he belonged to the Army or held any rank in it. His face was sunbrowned; his cheeks gaunt; his dark hair and dark eyes gave a shade of melancholy to his features; he wore no

(*Continued on following page*)

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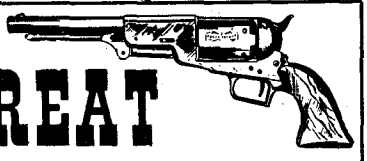

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Captain Jack

(Continued from preceding page)

beard or mustache; and his small size—his being about five feet eight—made him appear more like a boy than a man."

THE road to Mexico City was open now. For a generation or more, Texans had dreamed of one day entering the Mexican capital as conquerors. In they rode.

Perhaps the best description of them at that time was recorded by a New York correspondent. He wrote:

"There arrived here recently the greatest American curiousities that have as yet entered the City of the Aztecs. They were the observed of all the observers . . . Crowds of men flocked to see them, but always keeping a respectful distance. Women, affrighted, rushed into their houses. Perhaps you would like to know who these terrific beings are. Well, they are nothing more or less than Jack Hays and his Texas Rangers, with their old-fashioned maple stock rifles lying across their saddles, the butts of two large pistols sticking out of their holsters, and a pair of Colt six-shooters belted around their waists, making only fifteen shots to the man.

"The Mexicans believe them to be a sort of semi-civilized half man, half devil, with a slight mixture of lion and snapping turtle; and have a good deal more holy horror of them than they have of the evil saint himself. We have several times been asked by the inhabitants if the Texans will be allowed to go into the streets without a guard over them."

When Jack Hays went back to Texas this time, he married Susan Calvert.

Hays should have been ready for a long rest, but eight days after the wedding ceremony, he was off again. This time he led a party to survey the possibilities of a road to El Paso. This was almost his undoing, for what the Comanches couldn't do the Apaches almost succeeded in doing. The Apaches attacked the surveyors, stealing their horses and supplies, and the party was reduced to eating their mules. Several of the group went insane. They had expected to be gone eighty days, but it was 180 before they returned. Everybody but Susan had given them up for dead.

JACK was content to remain at home for a while, but not too long. Late in 1848, he was in Washington, where his fame had long since spread. President Polk entertained him at a reception and climaxed it with offering him the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the newly acquired Gila River country. Jack accepted and returned to San Antonio to make plans for the journey westward.

Hays was ready to go by June, 1849. He kissed Susan goodbye and set out. It was an expedition that he led out of San Antonio. There were topographical engineers—to cut a road through to El Paso—a company of U. S. infantry, gold seekers and just plain immigrants.

They reached El Paso on September 1, where the engineers and infantry company dropped off. Hays led the others on to the Gila country.

It isn't quite clear from the records, but it seems that Hays didn't like the looks of the Gila country and decided to push on to San Francisco, leaving the Indian affairs office to someone else. At any rate, he reached San Francisco at Christmas. The first municipal election under the new United States rule was underway. Hays found plenty of old friends who lost no time in urging him to run for sheriff on the independent ticket. He did and was easily elected.

As sheriff, he was confronted with the handling of the First Vigilance Committee, although he seems to have gotten along well enough with them. There were some incidents, though, such as the time Governor John McDougal ordered him to arrest two killers in the hands of the Vigilantes. Alone, Hays braced some fifty Vigilantes and demanded they release the men to him. There was some dissent but Hays got the killers.

An amusing incident during his tenure in office, although it could have been tragic, occurred when he rowed out to a ship making ready to sail with contraband. When Hays told the captain he was under arrest, the latter ordered a sailor to hoist anchor. Hays countermanded the order. The captain drew his pistol and said he would shoot the sailor if he didn't. Hays then drew his pistol and told the sailor he would shoot him if he did. The unhappy seaman looked from one to the other. Back and forth the tension grew, until the captain gave in.

After Hays was joined by Susan, who came by way of the Isthmus of Panama with Jack's younger brother, Bob, they lived in Oakland for a while. Major Caperton, Hays' lifelong friend and biographer, relates that Jack would often miss the last ferry, then rent a boat and row the seven miles home.

Hays' last Indian fight was in Nevada in 1860. The Piautes were rising around Virginia City, and Hays got a call for aid from his old Ranger friend, Captain Edward Storey. Hays raised two companies and joined Storey. They struck the Piautes at Pyramid Lake. Although the Indians had the advantage of position and were twice the number of the whites, they were beaten. Storey was killed.

It might have been a more legendary finish for a legendary man if Jack Hays had fallen at Lake Pyramid, but he was destined to live for some twenty-three more years and die in bed. His declining years were made miserable with rheumatism.

Captain Jack died at Piedmont, California, April 28, 1883, at the age of sixty-six.

"Never misses, they say."

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Truly Western

(*Continued from page* 5)

them clothes and food at Christmas time. The Crows got good land, and all ride around in new cars from the money they get from leasing their land to ranchers.

The Johnson County War, another story which has been told many times both from the side of the big cattlemen and the nesters, also took place about 50 miles from Sheridan. Some of the ancestors of the people living in the Bighorn community were on the list of the Invaders to be killed.

If you could ever find a copy of the original "Banditti of the Plains" you could really give the full story of the Johnson County War. The cattlemen bought and destroyed all the copies they could find. There are few in existence today, and these are worth about $1,000. There is a reprint by Ida McPherson, but this does not include the list of small ranchers that the Invaders were going to "rub out" or dry gulch.

The very best of luck with your venture, and I do hope you are able to make it a monthly. . .—Helen Read Stall (Mrs. Sid Stall), Sheridan—This Week, 46 E. Loucks St., Sheridan, Wyoming.

Did Crazy Horse Surrender—or Didn't He?

Dear Joe and Fred:

. . . I'm not criticizing, but it might be helpful in the future—Jeff Adams has a good yarn (The Passing of Cloud Dancer, September, 1954, TRUE WEST), but he says *Pa* Sapa instead of properly *Paha* Sapa, which was always the Indian's name for the Black Hills. Also he's mixed up on Crazy Horse's surrendering . . . Crazy Horse *never surrendered or ever signed a treaty* with the whites. He was tricked into coming into Fort Robinson in 1877 to council over the great broken treaty of 1868. He came in alone, unarmed and was ruthlessly shot down by a soldier who never was punished for it, thus removing one of the greatest Indian leaders and battle strategists that the Indians ever had. In late years, as big councils were in progress, the Lakota tribes (Sioux) sought to select their greatest leader, to be honored on the giant Indian mountain top memorial in the Black Hills, not far west of the Four Faces. Crazy Horse won over Red Cloud because he had *never surrendered in any way* to the white Generals. So today the great Indian memorial bears the name of Crazy Horse.—C. M. Blasingame, Star Rt. 2, Avenal, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I appreciate Mr. Blasingame's criticism of my little yarn on Cloud Dancer. A difference of opinion makes for interesting discussion, so herewith my reply to Mr. B. Among other things he states that Paha Sapa is the correct Indian spelling for the Black Hills, rather than Pa Sapa as I had it in my story. Well, mebbe so, mebbe so. However, I'll continue to string along with Mari Sandoz, famous writer of Indian history and lore, who calls it Pa Sapa in her great biography of Crazy Horse. Stanley Vestal (Prof. W. S. Campbell), also calls it Pa Sapa in his authoritative book WARPATH AND COUNCIL FIRE. In regard to Crazy Horse's surrender to the white men—well, I wasn't there at the time, so again I have to go along with Miss Sandoz and Stanley Vestal. Miss Sandoz—again in CRAZY HORSE—writes of his surrender in May, 1877, as I have declared in my story. Stanley Vestal—in WARPATH AND COUNCIL FIRE—states: "He (Crazy Horse) surrendered in May, 1877, about the time Sitting Bull crossed the line into Canada." The ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA also states that Crazy Horse surrendered with his band in May of 1877.

Mr. Blasingame further states that Crazy Horse was shot down by a soldier at Fort Robinson after he had gone in alone and unarmed to council with the whites. Actually, Crazy Horse was bayoneted to death by a guard while he was resisting arrest for taking his sick wife to the Brule Agency of his uncle, Spotted Tail, to place her under the medical care of Agent and physician Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy.

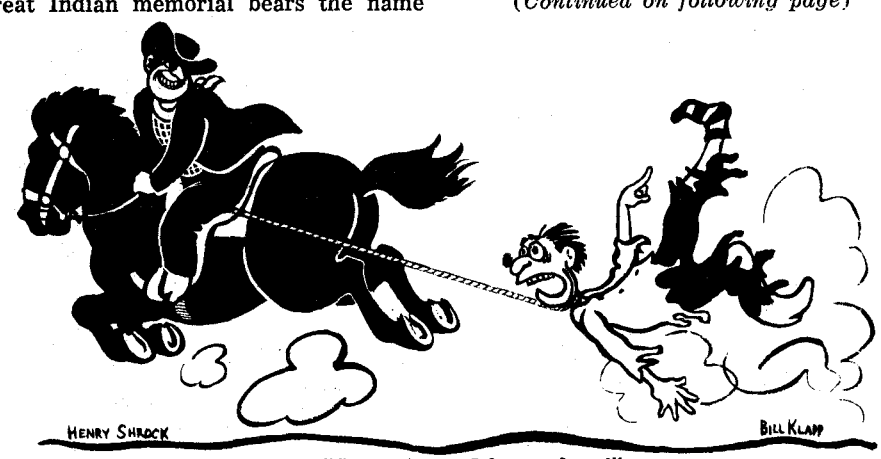
Back at Fort Robinson, Crazy Horse fought against being placed in the guardhouse and was bayoneted in the back in the fracas. Mortally wounded, Crazy Horse died in the adjutant's office that night.—Jeff Adams, 5402 Woodrow Avenue, Austin, Texas.

Seems Like a Good Idea

Gents:

For the last ten years I have pored through hundreds of books trying to find out what guns were used by famous

(*Continued on following page*)



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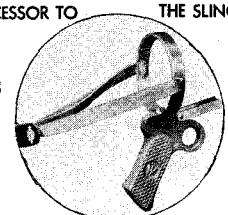

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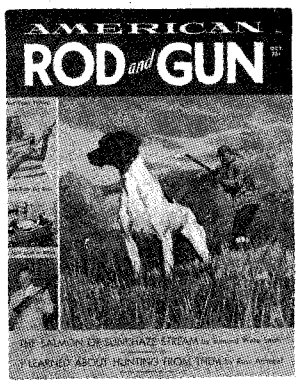

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

outlaws and gunfighters. At this time I have come to the conclusion that this field has a terrific quota of liars, windbags and nit-wits. If all the other literature is as scrambled and contorted, I am beginning to wonder if there ever *was* such a person as Jesse James, etc. According to the testimony of Bob Ford, it was a Colt that killed Jesse. According to Carl W. Breihan (Life of Jesse James) it was a Smith & Wesson. What the hell *was* it—a beanshooter?

Here are a few more puzzles: Custer's gun at the Little Bighorn; Frank James' gun at his surrender to Governor Crittenden in 1882; Jesse James' guns at the time of his death; Wild Bill Hickok's guns in his various gunfights, and a host of others. I think it would create a wonderful interest and discussion to identify the authentic models for once and all. I have oodles of clippings, etc., of different versions—all very baffling. If any one can get down to brass tacks, you are the one.

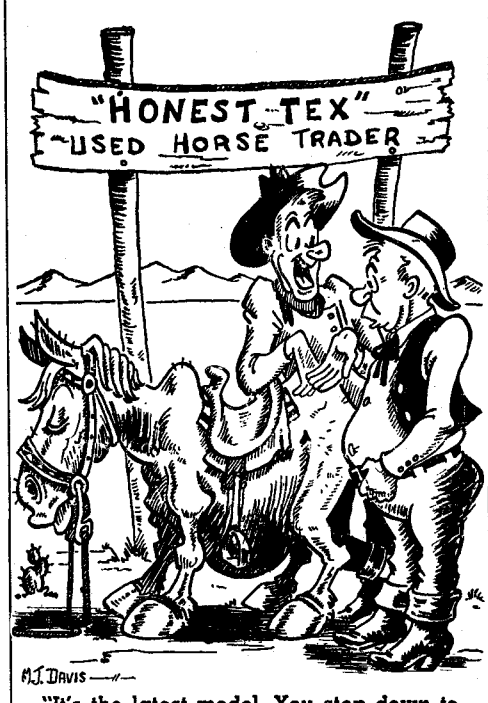
By the way, in your Winter, 1953, issue, there is an article about Wild Bill's gun. It sounds sorta funny and doesn't mention the name of the gun. According to my literature, the gun—a Sharps—was buried with Bill. Is somebody a windbag again?—Charles Straub, 1332 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.

By golly, we're writing the author and will have some dope for you on it by next issue time.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

In a back issue of TRUE WEST, I read an article entitled "The Cabin of Death." I was much interested in it because my uncle, the Rev. Daniel Brose, was also one who escaped the Bender death cabin.

He told the story almost the same as told in your magazine. If you would like to get his version, let me know.—John M. Brose, R. R. No. 2, Garfield, Washington.



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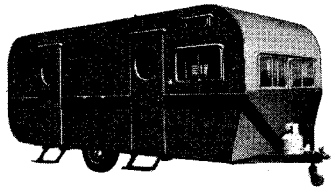

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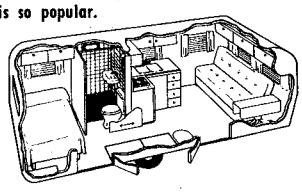

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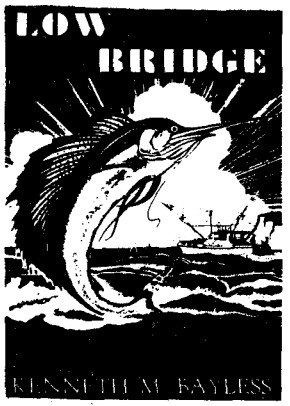

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The Golden Sands of Whiskey Run

(*Continued from page* 19)

him! Indifferent history doesn't record her name. Miners and soldiers called her the "Spanish Lady". A campfollower, she had come with the gold strike at Port Orford. She had it, and to spare. Almost immediately she showed concern about the large amount of gold Groulois carried.

It would be best, she suggested, reasonably enough, to leave that mule load with her. "One can never tell, *senor*. A lot of evil people are here. One cannot be too careful."

Three days later Groulois turned north, his gold carefully cached at the Spanish Lady's cabin. She had outfitted him with a slab of bacon, some coffee, and flour. The romance had moved fast. He was to get plenty of gold, as much as two mules could carry this time, then they would move away to a far country, build *"la casa grande."*

"But now one must work, for the season is short."

WITHIN a week, there was a second trip and more smiles from the Spanish Lady, as Groulois unpacked his mules. With a scant load of provisions he turned north again to his inexhaustible treasure trove, the golden sands along the tiny rivelet which poured into the blue-curving waves a short ways north of Coquille River in Southwestern Oregon.

If Jean Baptiste protested these frequent trips to Port Orford, or if he felt that Joe Groulois took more than his share of the gold, he showed no signs. "Things come high in the settlement, *Monsieur*," Joe explained.

When Groulois reached Port Orford on his third trip, the Spanish Lady was gone. The miners said she had made her stake, and caught a sailing vessel for San Francisco. History records the rather startling fact that a platoon of soldiers were assigned to take her gold aboard at the sailing.

When Joe Groulois turned north to his "diggins," he had a mule load of whiskey. He unburdened himself to Baptiste, passing a jug back and forth as they lolled

(*Continued on following page*)

"I keep tellin' ya! Rustlers ain't got no time for sentiment!"

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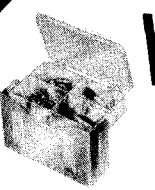

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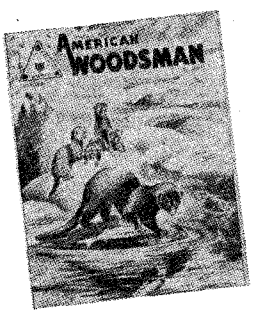

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The Golden Sands of Whiskey Run

(*Continued from preceding page*)

about their evening driftwood fire. "Of a certainty, you cannot trust a woman—unless she is Indian and you can take a lodge pole to her now and then!"

They drank far into the night. Next morning they were again pulling at their whiskey. Groulois talked maudlin about his unrequited love. Baptiste tried to comfort him between drinks.

It was a prodigious bender. How long it lasted is not recorded. But eventually both came down with the "Blue Devils." They imagined that the forest was full of voices, that they could see campfires to the south. How much was real, how much was whiskey-soaked imagination, is pure speculation.

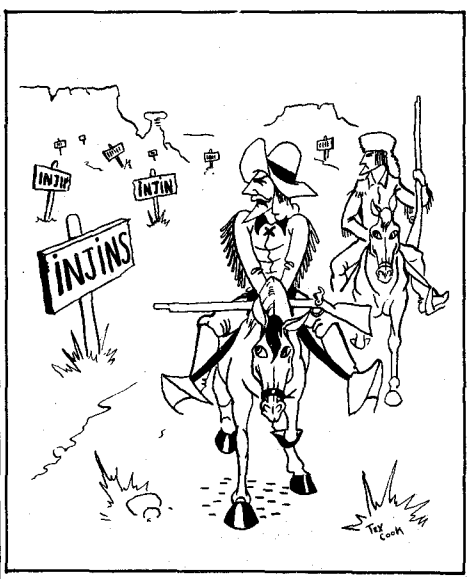
Early one morning, they had their pack string in motion, fleeing north. Within a short distance, they decided they could further their flight by caching their two mule loads of gold. So they turned aside from the Indian trail they traveled, between their diggings and Empire, Oregon. Beside a huge red cedar, scarcely a hundred yards from the trail, they buried their four hundred pounds of gold dust.

This tree had an odd, twisted root system on the seaward side.

After burying their gold, the men continued on until they reached Fort Vancouver, where they eventually sobered up. Then they realized that their wild flight was scarcely justified. Now they must return at once for their gold, and to work their claim.

But now it was autumn. They were indebted to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Factor placed little confidence in reports of mule loads of gold when the tale was told by drunken French Canadians. You don't walk out on a Hudson's Bay obligation, either. Indians were paid to bring back trappers who thought they might beat the company. You paid up by trapping and delivering your furs at the Fort.

Jean Baptiste and Joe Groulois trapped. With the return of spring they delivered their bundles of beaver pelts



"Sure are a lot of Injin signs here about."

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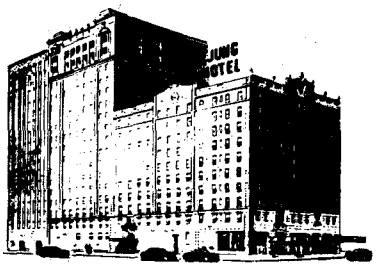

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to Fort Vancouver, saw their account marked paid. Then they turned south toward their treasure buried beside the Indian trail. There was no tarrying with the friendly Umpquas this time, even though the Indian girls were just as attractive, their reception just as friendly.

At Coos Bay, Oregon, Baptiste and Groulois noticed a change in the appearance of the country. Where green forests had pressed down to the blue waters of the bay, nothing remained but charred snags and fallen trees.

Soon they came to the section where they had turned aside to bury their gold. But even the big red cedar with the odd-shaped roots was gone. They searched carefully till nightfall. Tired, discouraged, they lay beside their campfire. Next day they searched again. But it was no use. The fire had so changed the appearance of the country they never did find their buried gold.

Only one thing to do—return to the little rivulet where the golden sands were. "Poof! What are two mule loads of gold when one knows where there are many more?"

They rode along the beach, the breakers creaming about their horses' feet, both preoccupied with thoughts of the small, tinkling brook with the golden sands.

When they arrived, long shanties greeted them where the beach willows once made an impassable thicket. Smoke curled from at least two score log cabins. The beach and creek were staked tight. Not only was their small brook claimed, but miners had discovered older and higher beach beds, fabulously rich—discoveries which later were to be developed into the Eagle Mine, the Pioneer Mine, and produce millions of dollars.

"Get out, you damn half-breeds!" they were greeted.

Joe Groulois fingered his long skinning knife at his belt. But they were too many.

"How, *Monsieurs*, did you find this place?"

"That's easy," it was the bartender from Port Orford who answered. "Three Indians put us onto this for a jug of Hyui Scoopum Fire Water. Those three Indians got drunk and touched off the damndest forest fire you ever did see. Go on up the beach, maybe you can find another claim. You are not getting in here."

"Yeah," added another miner, "you drank your whiskey and run. So we called these diggin's Whiskey Run."

Jean Baptiste and Joe Groulois got nothing more out of their discovery than the questionable honor of naming the fabulous strike.

They turned north again to search for their buried treasure. Winter came, and they trapped again for Hudson's Bay Company. Next summer they returned again to search. But they never found their two mule-loads of gold.

New forest has covered the scars of the great fire which raged uncontrolled through this primitive area of a hundred years ago. The gulls still glide just above the blue curve of the breakers, necks outstretched, watching for sea-bounty. But the brooding forests still keep the secret of their buried treasure trove.

—— o ——

SEE PAGE 3!

MEN PAST 40

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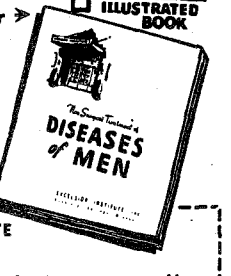

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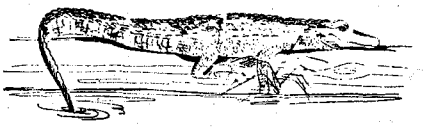

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Roundup of New Books

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL, by Wayne Gard. 296 pp. Norman: University of California Press $4.50.

At last we have an authentic and comprehensive history of the famous Chisholm Trail, over which millions of sturdy Longhorns walked from Texas ranges to Kansas markets.

Wayne Gard, an editorial writer on the Dallas Morning News and the author of "Sam Bass" and "Frontier Justice," has done a thorough job on the great cattle trail. He describes the trail not only as the cowboy's road to high adventure but as a project that lifted Texas from its post-war poverty, stocked new ranges in the northwest, and supplied the nation with more and cheaper beef.

The author shows that, while the trail had many feeder branches coming in from both sides, its main stem led through San Antonio, Austin, and Fort Worth and crossed into the Indian Territory at Red River Station. Abilene, Kansas, was the first terminus; but later many of the Longhorns were marketed at Newton, Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City, and Caldwell.

Gard traveled the trail, talked with some of the surviving trail drivers, and dug deeply into early accounts such as court records, diaries, and newspaper reports. His book has the excitement of dangerous river crossings, midnight stampedes, and brushes with Indian raiders. It sticks to historical facts and resists the temptation to add an embroidering of fiction.

The book includes accounts of wild life in the Kansas cow towns and of the coming of barbed wire that eventually cut off the trail. It also has a chapter on songs of the cowpunchers. The thirty illustrations, including seventeen fine drawings by Nick Eggenhofer, to help to make it an admirable gift book. Already in its third printing, this history has been listed by the New York Times as one of the outstanding books of the year and has been described by Ross Santee as "a magnificent piece of work." It belongs in every western library.—Fred Gipson.

SONGS OF THE SADDLEMEN, by S. Omar Barker. 112 pp. Denver: Sage Books (Alan Swallow, Publisher). $2.75.

I'm certain that the poetry in this book can't be very good. It's shamelessly lacking in dreamy flights of fancy. In none of it do I find evidence of the writer's having plumbed the innermost recesses of his dark soul to bring forth those startling profound and incomprehensible—not to mention inexpressible—secrets of life.

To be baldly frank—I can read and understand every word of it.

Besides that, it rhymes and scans.

Also, I seriously doubt that in producing this verse the writer suffered very greatly. In fact, I've got a sneaking notion that when he wrote

"I pondered some, then told 'em that I always do my best

To aim my spittin' eastwards when the wind is in the West," the writer was actually enjoying the hell out of it.

Which is no way to write great poetry.

But if, like me, you can't make heads or tails of great poetry, then I recommend that you settle for the brand that S. Omar Barker writes. It's as western as sagebrush, authentic as a brush-scuffed old boot, and full of the warm-hearted humor that is a part of "the men who ride where the range is wide."

It'll do to read and consider.—Fred Gipson

THE BUFFALO HUNTERS: The Story of the Hide Men, by Mari Sandoz. Illustrated. 372 pp. New York: Hastings House. $4.50.

In 1867, an estimated 50,000,000 to 125,000,000 buffalo roamed the Great Plains from central Canada on the north to the Southwest on the south, and eastward from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains to the great bend of the Missouri River. By 1883 only a few hundred of the great shaggy beasts were left—the rest were destroyed by the white buffalo hunters, who stripped the hides from the carcasses and left the meat to rot on the prairie.

This book, then, is primarily the story of the passing of the buffalo and the tragic fate of the Indians who depended upon them for their very existence. Yet it is more than that, for all lovers of Western Americana will find in it something of interest to them. Wild Bill Hickok appears in its pages, as does Charley Reynolds, Custer and Buffalo Bill. We meet Crazy Horse, the youthful fighting leader of the Oglala Sioux, and some of the Cheyenne warriors who appeared in Miss Sandoz' **Cheyenne Autumn.** The Battle of Adobe Walls lives again in this thrilling book, and the fight at Beecher's Island.

The book ends, fittingly, at the massacre of Wounded Knee where Chief Big Foot and his band of sick, starving, half-frozen Sioux were mercilessly butchered by the carbines and Hotchkin guns of Colonel Forsyth's cavalry. Snow covered the bodies of the dead; men, women and children. Even the troopers themselves were silent as they gathered the bullet-torn corpses into heaps. "Now the dream of the buffalo, too, was gone."

To read The Buffalo Hunters is an experience that one can never forget.—Norman B. Wiltsey.

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TRUE WEST, published bi-monthly at Austin, Texas, with additional entry at Columbia, Missouri, for October 1, 1954.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas; Editor, Fred Gipson, P.O. Box 266, Mason, Texas; Managing editor, none; Business manager, none.
2. The owner is: Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas.
3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

(Signed) JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1954.

A. D. Leshikar

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(My commission expires June, 1955.)

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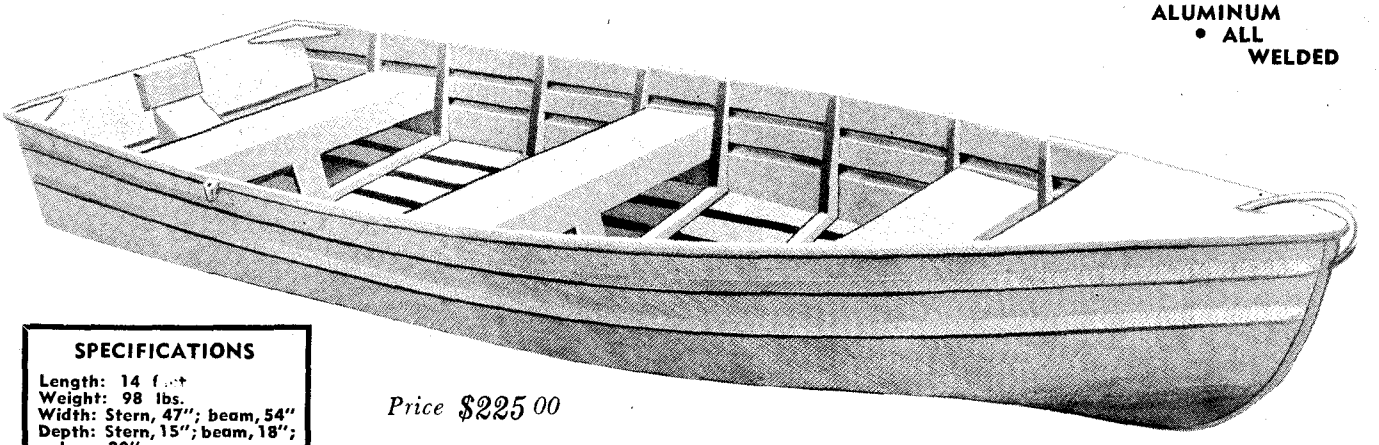

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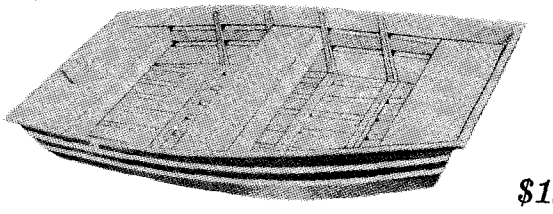

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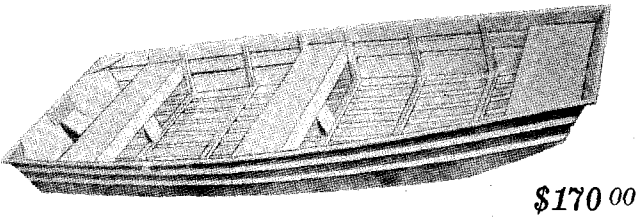

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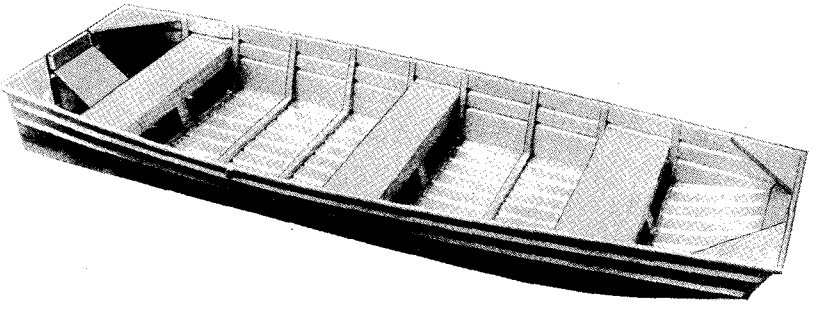

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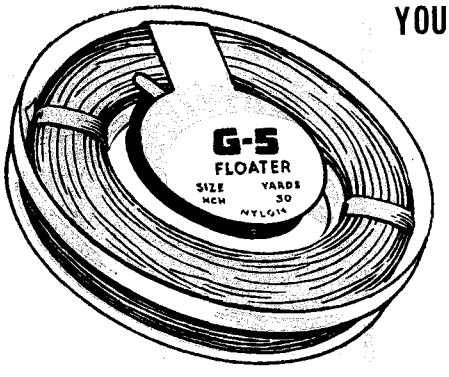

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